

The Nation

VOL. XX., No. 8.]
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1916.

[PRICE 6D.
Postage: U.K. 3d.; Abroad 1d.]

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE death of the Emperor-King Francis Joseph would have seemed to all of us, if it had not been for the war, like the breaking of a monument to time. His reign of 68 years carries us back to the legendary age of the giants, and if ever the younger generation was tempted to doubt whether Garibaldi and Kossuth, Louis Napoleon and Bismarck were altogether real, there stood, alive and hale and active, the man who had fought against them all. The general world outside Austria thought of him before the war with the reverential sympathy which was due to the only king who ever bore in real life all the accumulated tragedies of a Greek trilogy. In Austria this sympathy gradually gave way before a doubt whether this simple, genial Olympian had ever felt anything at all. The Atreidae felt like common mortals. The Hapsburgs are supermen with a psychology of their own. Rather slow, rather vacillating, without definite ambitions or plans, this typical, easy-going Viennese was none the less a king by divine right. A despot he was not, for, on the whole, he preferred to be loved rather than feared.

* * *

It is very hard to say how far the death of Francis Joseph alters anything in the Dual Monarchy. For years his rôle had been mainly obstructive. Always slow and vacillating, he seemed with the approach of senility to destroy all hope of internal change in his Empire-Kingdom. Things happened abroad, and one supposed that the stronger will of an Aerenthal or a

Tisza hurried him along. Few of us thought of him as actively responsible for the war. He may have felt the death of his heir as an outrage on his House which had to be avenged, but he can have felt no personal grief for the murdered Archduke, as the Kaiser probably did. During the war, rumor has depicted him as the tool of German dictators. We are not sure whether this view is correct. He was never incapable of routine work, and sat at his desk on the very day of his death. The very callousness of the war policy may well have been the reflection of his senility.

* * *

THE new Emperor-King, the Archduke Charles, is a comparatively young man, of thirty years. His heredity (a dissipated father and a peculiarly dull mother) is bad even for a Hapsburg, and his education and tastes seem to be those of a gay and commonplace cavalry officer. No one suspected him of character or individuality, but divine right will often transform a dull nature. Personally, he is considered cheerful, kindly, and popular, but some rash words are ascribed to him which suggest a violent German bias. The late Emperor had none of that racial narrowness. The probability is that he will be in the hands of the Austrian-Germans and the Hungarian Magyars at home, and will continue the system of dual racial ascendancy. That is the policy of Dr. Körber and M. Tisza, and Berlin is not likely to check it. What Berlin wills, for a personality so slight and inexperienced, will probably be decisive. He did not share the views of his "trialist" pro-Slav uncle, the murdered Archduke, and if Austria-Hungary does move in the future towards federalism the evolution will be the work of imperious events, and not the deliberate choice of a sovereign who lacks the creative gift.

* * *

THE Eastern situation draws almost our whole attention. The situation in Roumania is of extraordinary interest. Falkenhayn has pushed one of his columns through the Vulkan pass, up the Jiul valley to Craiova, the railway junction for lines north to the foothills, south to Kalafat on the Danube, west to Orsova, and east to the main Bukarest railway. The enemy has not only reached the plains, but he has forced his way to the rear of Orsova, eighty miles to the west. The position of Roumania with a hostile column in her cornlands is very delicate, and it is not improved by the striking success of the Allies at Monastir. This has drained off a small force for reinforcements, but not enough to help Roumania on the critical spot. Russia, to whom our latest Ally might naturally look for help, has been engaged at various points of her own line with the enemy; and Italy has had to yield tactical points to a series of vigorous counter-attacks. Yet the success of Monastir shows that the whole Near East cannot be controlled by the enemy, and much depends upon the meaning of what an evening newspaper brightly describes as "The Silence of Bukarest." There is so much undisclosed that it is idle to prophesy; but we have in the Roumanian situation and its future development a sort of gauge of the enemy's power.

MONASTIR was entered on Sunday by the Allies, exactly four years to the day from the Serbs' triumphal entry into the city in the Balkan War. It had withstood the pressure of frontal attacks. The lines across the plain through Kenali were formidably entrenched, and the last attempt to force them proved a disastrous failure. General Sarrail accordingly set himself to turn them from the hill barriers upon which they rested. The Serbs, advancing through the crumple of hills in the bend of the Cerna river, made such progress that on the 15th the Kenali position was open to reverse fire. The enemy began to fall back under frontal pressure and flank fire. The Serbs pressed forward with renewed energy in the hills, and when they had captured the heights north of Chegel village the enemy found even Monastir untenable. A gallant charge by a German General at the head of his troops failed to recover the hills, and early on Sunday morning the enemy left the city as the Allies were entering it from the south. The Allies have marched northwards and westwards after the Bulgars and Germans, but the difficulties in the ground are such that we cannot expect the decisive weakening of the positions in the Vardar Valley, which is the only military development that would have any serious effect upon the enemy.

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THE exact position of affairs in Roumania is hard to determine. On Sunday last the enemy claimed to have forced his way through the Vulkan Pass to the railway between Orsova and Craiova, and on Tuesday the capture of the latter town was announced. Established at Craiova, an enemy must threaten the safety of the force at Orsova, covering the Iron Gates, and the troops who are stationed at Kalafat on the Danube to hold the river opposite Vidin. The communications of both armies being cut, their retreat is a matter of difficulty. And the enemy, if he chose to march eastward, would automatically link up with the columns already through the Roter Turm and the eastern passes. Presumably, the grain has been withdrawn from Western Wallachia, and it is unthinkable that the rolling stock of the railway was not removed or destroyed as the Roumanians fell back. The position of the enemy is therefore not so well placed as it appears to be at first sight.

* * *

If the rolling stock has been removed, and culverts and bridges destroyed, the enemy have not yet at Craiova a serious armed force. The Austrian railhead lies north of the Vulkan pass; the Roumanian station at Tirgu-Jiu is some twenty-five miles to the south, and the intermediate country includes the mountains and foothills. The enemy troops cannot, therefore, have an adequate supply of munitions to constitute a serious menace, and he was compelled to retreat through this very valley once before. It is clear that Hindenburg is staking everything on the Roumanian campaign at present. The Bavarians who were driven back in the Jiul valley have been reinforced, and the immediate objective is presumably to gain a partial decision by enveloping the force at Orsova. After that, no doubt the intention is to sweep through Roumania. But the Russian Commander-in-Chief is reported to be in the country directing the defensive, and we have no reason to think the position hopeless. The developments promise to be unusually interesting, and there is every evidence of coolness and skill of leading on both sides. "Bloody" defeat is easy to say; but the Germans claim no prisoners.

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THE latest *communiqués*, which carry events to the

evacuation of Craiova, state that the defenders retired to the "west" of that centre. It is possible that this is a misprint for "east"; but we cannot lightly assume this to be the case. If the Roumanians have fallen back to the west, that is to say, towards Orsova, the situation is more obscure than ever. The ordinary counsels of prudence would have suggested that when the threat to Craiova became sufficiently grave, the main force of the army at Orsova should be withdrawn and only rear-guards left. But the adoption of such precautions does not seem to be indicated by a retirement *towards* Orsova. It is just possible that the Roumanian Staff have not abandoned hope of recovering their lost ground, in which case the army left in the western corner of Wallachia would be able to co-operate, provided they had enough munitions. There we must leave the situation. It is threatening for our Ally; but not so threatening as it was meant to be. Western Roumania, like Eastern Galicia, is cut by lateral streams which make so many barriers to a force advancing from the east. The next few days should show us whether our Ally means to abandon the western end of his territory and the chances of resisting any extension of the ground occupied by the enemy.

* * *

THE agitation for the arming of merchant ships has its dangers. On the one hand, we are told that German submarines sink without warning, and on the other that armed ships have enjoyed a large immunity. One statement or the other is untrue. If the submarines sink without warning, all the guns in the world are no safeguard. If they do not, then we can hardly take up a position of injured innocence. Further, it must be recognized that if some submarines still examine and warn ships, the arming of all merchantmen would probably give them the title to cease this comparatively humane practice. Merchant ships have, of course, a perfect right to be armed. There can be no question *de jure*; but *de facto* the case is more delicate. The use of a gun by a merchant-ship for the purpose of resisting capture is divided by the narrowest line from its use in attack, and if the one bears the appearance of assailant, there can be no blame to the other if it should actually attack in its own way. Surely the question of arming ships is a double-edged weapon, and should be adopted or rejected from the standpoint of expediency as dictated by the actual conditions of submarine attack.

* * *

IN the matter of submarines, we are dealing with an unscrupulous foe, and it is bad policy to give him any color for his outrages against humanity. The latest of these is the sinking of the "Britannic," a hospital ship, in the Ægean Sea. It was the largest ship flying the British flag, and it is reported that it was attacked by two submarines simultaneously. The beds had just been made up for the reception of the wounded, of whom the vessel could carry 3,000, and of the crew and staff 1,106 were saved. Only 100 are unaccounted for, but twenty-eight of the survivors were injured. As the "Britannic" was sunk in the morning, there can be no possible excuse for submarine attack. But it is possible that the disaster was due to a mine, though the spot at which it occurred is near the place where three Greek steamers were recently sunk.

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THE joint telegram sent by M. Briand and Mr. Asquith to M. Stürmer on the subject of Poland deserves

to be read to the last line. It opens with a protest against the action of Germany in conferring independence on the Russian Poles; it goes on to congratulate the Russian Government in words which were presumably chosen with some deliberate purpose, on its "unshakable decision" to confer autonomy on the Poles, and the "generous steps" adopted to carry it out (an irreverent reader might suspect irony), and, finally, it winds up with this sentence, which is really a promise to the Polish people: "We are happy to associate ourselves entirely with the intention of the Imperial Government to confer this benefit on the noble Polish people." This is the best security which the Poles have yet got that "autonomy" will mean anything. It is to be hoped that, however tardily, the hint will be taken in Petrograd. We do not pretend to know by what measures M. Briand and Mr. Asquith propose to assist M. Stürmer in the execution of his intentions. It is not easy for one Ally to interfere in the internal concerns of another, even during war; and after the war, it would be harder still, if Poland were to repeat the experiences of Finland. For our part, we should feel more hope for the Poles, if the Entente should set itself to enlarge and improve the conception of an independent Polish kingdom.

* * *

A DISPUTE between coalowners and miners in South Wales has created a serious situation, and there is a prospect of a strike at the end of the month unless the Government act promptly. The masters press for a reduction of wages of 10 per cent., and the men for an advance of 15 per cent. Behind the men's demand there is a very strong suspicion of the honesty of the coalowners, and they are asking for an independent audit of the companies' profits. The owners say that they have agreed to this, but the special correspondent of the "Times," who has contributed a series of interesting and enlightening articles, explains that the audit offered is imperfect and unsatisfactory. It is clear that nothing short of the commandeering of the mining industry in South Wales will secure peace during the war. Early in the war the men through Mr. Brace offered to forego claims for higher wages if the coalowners would forego higher profits; but the offer was never accepted. Meanwhile, new complications have entered into the quarrel with the disturbances at Cardiff. Those who imagine that the violent breaking up of meetings is doing any good should study the articles in the "Times," from which they will learn what kind of impression this violence has produced among the moderate men in the coal fields.

* * *

THE House of Commons discussed the new Pensions Bill on the motion for Second Reading last Tuesday. Perhaps the most striking fact about the debate was the statement by Mr. Hayes Fisher that there are already 50,000 widows, 100,000 orphans, and 70,000 disabled men. These figures show to what a scale the problem has grown before we have arrived at any satisfactory scheme of administration. The amount of injustice and hardship that must have been suffered is painful to imagine. Mr. Fisher mentioned that the number of men who are stranded between the position of soldiers drawing pay and that of pensioners drawing pensions has been reduced from 22,000 to 3,000. This says something for Parliamentary agitation. Mr. Henderson made it clear that the gross injustice of discharging without a pension men who are passed by incompetent doctors is not to be

allowed to continue. He told the House that there are no fewer than fifty thousand of these cases. It is outrageous that men who were able to earn their living before they were put into the Army should receive no compensation when they come out with their health broken. Mr. Hayes Fisher's speech does not encourage one to expect much, without outside pressure, in the way of treating and training the disabled, but it is rumored that a scheme is in preparation. The nation should press for it instantly.

* * *

THE measures for the coercion of Greece are once more *crescendo*. The enemy Ministers have been expelled from the kingdom on the charge that they were engaged in espionage, and the Greek Government has been required to surrender a part of its material of war, including the breech-blocks of guns already seized. The submission of official Greece to these two measures will be made under protest, for either of them, if voluntary, would involve on her part a departure from neutrality. The whole position is, in the last degree, irregular and difficult to explain. It now appears, from the statements of Principal Burrows, who is acting for M. Venizelos in this country, that the latter did not actually invite the Allies to Salonika. Dr. Burrows's own view that we even gave a guarantee to the Greek Constitution is not borne out by the text of the treaties. He now suggests that a better claim would be the clause in an early protocol dating before the creation of the kingdom, which pledged the protecting powers not to send troops to Greece without the assent of all three. But surely this was a transitional arrangement, and lapsed after the grant of "complete independence"? Whatever the ground of our action may be, ought it to go so far as to require of Greece steps which, if voluntary, would certainly be a decided departure from neutrality?

* * *

THE death of Mr. Charles Booth marks the end of a career which, if we are to measure lives by their usefulness, was one of the greatest of his generation. He was of the true race of philanthropists, for he taught men the truth which was hidden from them, and pointed to them one or two ways out of the evils of their time. We suppose his exploration of the conditions of poor and very poor living in London made for hundreds of men and women a determining influence in their thought. His methods were improved by Mr. Seebohm Rowntree, but their general results were not discredited; rather they were confirmed. Mr. Booth was not only our greatest social investigator, he was also the true father of Old Age Pensions. His general point of view was a judicious mixture of individualist and Socialist methods. He was the only intellectual convert of real account to the Protectionist theory, and even then he was a hesitating disciple.

* * *

WE believe that there is no foundation for the fear, recently expressed by a correspondent of THE NATION, that sheep farms in Scotland are being turned into deer forests, or that such an event has lately taken place on Lord Breadalbane's estate. The transaction is of a different character. The extension of deer forests is practically over. But sheep farms are being given up on the expiry of leases, and the sheep sold off. The reason is the great rise in the price of sheep, on which a profit of 30s. a-head can now be made. The economic motive, therefore, is very strong, but we are informed that there is no other.

Politics and Affairs.

TOWARDS A STATE OF SLAVERY?

It is one of the worst consequences of the war that as it proceeds, the Power most responsible for it should erect new barriers against peace. So long as the gigantic levies of armed Europe are locked in an indecisive struggle, it may be argued that there can be no end to the war. But we doubt whether this is the real inherent difficulty. Mr. Lloyd George's "knock-out" was more of a metaphor than a policy. It may be impossible for either side to secure a crushing result save at the price of suicide. Or, again, the conditions of this war are so terrifying that human nature may sink under them, and the youth of Europe refuse an indefinite sacrifice of life and joy for ends which have never been made clear to them. If Germany had waged an average war, the growing pacifism of the armies would have filtered down to the civilian populations, and we might now be reaching forward to an honorable peace. But Germany chose otherwise. In making the war a war of non-combatants, she doubled and trebled its area of exasperation. So long as her victims include thousands of merchant seamen, workmen, women, and children, she sets up against herself an invisible foe in the horrified vision of her to which a great part of the world has attained. She has organized murder for these innocents; now she organizes slavery. Excuse for the Belgian *razzia* there is none, unless it be the excuse of necessity, which every criminal makes for himself. Germany has indeed created unemployment in Belgium by her several devices of pitiless requisitions and the wholesale abstraction from Belgian industry of capital, machinery, tools, and raw materials. These processes are forbidden by the Hague Conventions, and it is no defence for Germany to urge that they have brought about a state of distress and demoralization. But their results are the care of the Belgian authorities and clergy; these bodies profess their entire ability to deal with them, and Germany has therefore no right of interference. Even if she possessed it, it could not be made to cover the seizure and expatriation of the staffs of factories in full work, and of laborers torn from the fields of their native land, as well as from the arms of their wives and children. For this double offence against national and family life is committed, not in Belgium's interest, but in Germany's, so that more German workmen may be released for service on the Western or the Eastern fronts. We may well believe that the crude logic of her soldier administrators deceives her in that it multiplies the direct sacrifice of her own youth, swells the volume of domestic hatred of the war, and thus adds a material loss to the spiritual impoverishment which is her tragedy and the world's.

But if Germany's conduct of the war, originally bad, grows worse, what is the remedy? Punishment, we are afraid, can reach no real culprit, attain no practical aim. Hard as the lesson may be, the truth is that some offences are not redeemable by mortal men, least of all in the state of exasperated feeling which war brings about and continually aggravates. The religious man—if he exists any longer—may see nothing for it but to leave Germany to herself and to God. The political man is allowed to carry his thought a little closer to the practical issue. The Belgian slave-raiding merely convinces him afresh that so long as liberty lives in the hearts of men the

shadow of German interference cannot be suffered to fall again on Belgium. If we are not mistaken, this is as much the thought of Mr. Wilson as of Lord Grey or King Albert. That issue is closed; and it is a sign of the essential irrationality and confusion of German statesmanship that in the hour when these cruelties are perpetrated, it proclaims their fruitlessness by offering to restore Belgian integrity and independence at the end of the war. But still more urgently does this incident turn men's minds to examining the state of society which conscription has brought about. Pre-war Germany would have felt herself insulted by the suggestion that in order to fill the thinning ranks of her war legions she would soon be importing scores of thousands of citizens of a neighboring State and turning them into forced laborers in her factories. But she has done it. From the first fractional levies on the manhood of the early Prussian State, United Germany has come to this finished model of slavery. And not only Germany, but Europe, is in process of becoming a kind of Slave State. The Germans indeed enslave others as well as themselves. But all the belligerent nations are tending to serf-labor.

The instrument is their Governments. Some years ago the late Professor Pearson, reasoning from his experience of the State Socialism of Australia, thought that the State would supersede the Church in her mission of liberation and happiness for the minds and bodies of men, and would thus take her place as the visible source of social justice and a good life for all. That vision has faded with the war and with conscription. The newest religion has proved to be crueller than the old, and the Great State tends to become a Juggernaut of men, crushing out their lives and fortunes. Put the civilized nations under the yoke of universal military service, and war will take on the character of which the German slave-raids in Belgium are the most extreme example. The countries will become what Mr. Churchill wants to see them and us—great military camps. Under the enormous modern demand for munitions, it will be necessary to have control of the whole able-bodied civil population, and to possess the right of recruiting, not merely the armies, but the entire available man-power. With this object, the Central Government will not even content itself with calling on the home population. It will resort to its dependencies, and to their tempting reserves of colored and therefore submissive and easily movable labor. This is the arm on which our own Government is now being called on to rely. It is invited to import black labor into this country to replace unskilled and conscripted British workers. How this colored labor may have been recruited is a matter of some concern to the party which largely owed its last great victory at the polls to the British workman's aversion from yellow serfs for the South African mines. It will almost certainly be indentured, and therefore open to the abuses of all such methods of enrolment. Its presence in this country will raise nearly all the problems of Chinese labor on the compounds of the Rand, problems of morals, of police, of standards of wages and living, of relationship between the white citizens (men and women) and the black, imported hirelings. British Imperialism is moving the way of Roman Imperialism, ignoring the color-bar which the older Empire lacked, but which divides our civilization. We cannot ignore the significance of such a development. It may prove to be the gravest issue presented to any British Government since the first American war. Before we enter these deep waters, it may be well to remember that the first modern democratic army to which the conscriptionist issue has

been presented has shown a marked disfavor to it. If we are rightly informed, the Australian soldiers voted, by a large majority, against conscription. Now the British Army is in fact the British working nation. Has it not a right to be consulted, with its brethren at home and their representative unions and societies, before the Government proceeds to the momentous act of replacing conscripted white workers by imported black ones?

THE MEANING OF MONASTIR.

THERE can be no doubt that the capture of Monastir will have an appreciable influence on the immediate future of the war in South-Eastern Europe. The enemy grudged the reinforcements necessary to hold for Bulgaria the symbol of the Western Macedonia she entered the war to gain. He could not spare them and press his other operations with the force they required. But now he is driven to find them; for the line that ran south of Monastir was the shortest and most economical one to hold, and the recent losses must be made good. After showing the world once again that his power has narrow limits, he is compelled to weaken some sector of the battle-front in the Balkan area to reform, reinforce, and re-establish on a sound defensive line his Ally, whose prize for co-operation has just been abandoned. The point will not be lost on Roumania in the searching trial that has fallen on her.

More than this it is unwise to expect from the recapture of the "second capital of Serbia." There is abundant evidence that the defence was stubborn and determined, and this throws into higher relief the series of brilliant engagements by which the Serbs overran the crumple of hills in the loop of the Cerna, and so threatened to take in reverse the defence lines of Monastir. We have the moral elation that derives from such knowledge; but to expect any strategical development of the success is to risk disappointment. We may take Okrida; we may even take Prilep within a reasonable time. But the vulnerable centres of the enemy are far distant, and the line of advance thither is poorer in communications than almost any other sector of the battle area. The Vardar Valley is the avenue we must make good before we can bring any vital pressure to bear upon the enemy, and although, with sufficient transport, General Sarrail could strike a decisive blow, the steps in its development could not fail to form a slow sequence. The capture of Monastir was largely a question of communications. Major Morant, the distinguished German military critic, attributes the Allied success wholly to their superiority in this respect; and while this is a ridiculous exaggeration, it is true that the enemy was compelled to come to the unwelcome decision to evacuate the city chiefly by the threat to his communications north of Monastir. But let us admit at once that, slow as the successes of a great Balkan campaign must be, they would certainly tend more to the relief of Roumania than operations on any other sector of the European battlefield with one exception. If General Sakharoff can press his Dobrudja offensive with sufficient impetus, the relief of our Ally will be speedy and sure; and, failing this, there seems to be little we can do except pour munitions into Roumania with all haste.

The Salonika campaign has then certain chances of a far-reaching success. But this is not to say that the British should largely reinforce their Army there. Kiaochow was a German centre of the first importance in the Pacific, and it had to be conquered. Those who suggest that we should send a vast army to Salonika are really supporting a more difficult thesis than any who may have

advocated that we instead of Japan should have dealt with Kiaochow. The question of supply and transport would have been far easier in the case of Kiaochow than it is for Salonika. We could have bought in America, and transported direct. Our transport is being restricted more and more at the time when its functions are daily being increased. We must realize that our resources are not infinite, though we seem to be waging war upon the assumption that they are. For every man we can put into the fighting line in the Balkans, we can put at least ten in Picardy with as little strain on our general resources; and is there any "Easterner" so bold as to maintain that a British soldier in the Near East can achieve even twice the effect he will have in France? War cannot be successfully fought on such haphazard methods as those that underlie the Salonikan thesis. It is folly to decide to place an army at every point where an appreciable effect can be produced by its action. We have to decide between alternative plans, and in concert with our Allies to throw our force where it can achieve the highest effect in the larger view of the war. Every sound axiom of military science binds us to the West, where with mobility of attack, making use of versatility of plan, we can be reasonably certain of victories like that of Beaumont Hamel, which undoubtedly has a greater influence on the pulse of the war than many Balkan successes.

Yet our sympathies would remind us of Roumania, even if her interests were not intimately ours. The crisis for her is at hand. The western end of Wallachia seems to be already cut off by the enemy, and the force which was fighting at Orsova is threatened with capture. It is clear that the first and most direct means of succouring our Ally is by pouring into the threatened area a greater force than the enemy has accumulated there. At this moment there can be no help comparable with reinforcement on the spot. For this we can only look to Russia. But here we confront the gravest problem of the war. The Tsar set his troops in motion in June in anticipation of the moment when they would be perfectly fitted to resume the offensive, and General Brussiloff's campaign put out of the battle probably as many as the Somme offensive has done. But in achieving such results, with the consequent readjustment of the line below the Pripet, the overrunning of Bukovina, and the throwing of his army on to the Carpathians, he must have made considerable calls on the men and munitions which were being patiently harvested against the day when Russia would fall upon the enemy lines with her full force. Soon after the entry of Roumania into the war, it became clear that Hindenburg would choose that area for his Eastern gamble. Russia gave, first, a fair reinforcement, then took over part of the northern frontier; then sent further reinforcements, and finally gave one of her finest and boldest generals. What more can she do? To estimate this effort we should require to know more of her resources in men and guns than anyone outside Russia can know. What she can do she will. But we must notice that Hindenburg has been aiming detaining blows all along the Eastern front, for he understands that Russia is the real enemy in the East.

Roumania is not yet lost. Her troops are fighting heroically, and we know of no soldiers who have shown a more steadfast front. Skilfully directed, they may even recover Western Wallachia. But the enemy is in the plains, and a resistance to his front, should he choose to advance eastwards towards Bukarest, would be difficult, though the numerous rivers afford good defensive positions. Roumania can best be helped by reinforcements on the spot, and by pushing the Dobrudja

offensive. Italy could render further help from the South. The "Agenzia Nazionale" stated the other day that she has 4,000,000 reserves. Can we not arrange with her to put a considerably larger force into the Balkan area? Her bases are near at hand, and the difficulty of transport should not, therefore, be overwhelming. Our own armies in Egypt and Mesopotamia should also be doing their share. One source of enemy reinforcement would be cut off at once if these forces were set in motion in any considerable strength. The enemy has two pronounced advantages—unity of command, and the use of interior lines. The lack of the first in our case tends to postpone our strategic decisions, and the lack of the second to make our strategic dispositions faulty and weak. We must, as far as possible, do away with both handicaps. We entered the war with resources almost unthinkably superior to those of the enemy, and it is due to our shortsighted and individualistic conduct of it that we have whittled down the margin of superiority. A united command we can at least attain. Why not?

INFLATING THE CURRENCY.

In discussing the causes of the rise of prices, Mr. Runciman mentioned, among others, the inflation of the currency, and said that far too little attention had been paid to it. The chief reason for this neglect is the obscurity in which the processes of inflation are wrapped. Indeed, the very term inflation carries little meaning to the ordinary business man or politician. Nor do economists furnish any very precise or satisfactory definition. Strictly speaking, any increase of the volume of purchasing power, unaccompanied by a corresponding increase of the goods it goes to buy, may be called inflation, irrespective of the way in which the purchasing power is produced. For any such increase of purchasing power compels a rise of prices. In this sense a great new discovery of gold might be regarded as inflating the currency. But, as actually used, the term is confined to the manufacture of credit instruments, notes, and rights to draw cheques by Governments or banks, in excess of the requirements of the business to be done at current prices. In this sense, the mere fact that our Government has issued some hundred millions of Treasury notes, only covered to a small extent by gold, would not make this issue inflation, assuming that it was wanted to conduct a corresponding increase of transactions—i.e., to purchase a larger quantity of goods within a given time. Similarly, with the huge creation of credit by the joint-stock banks for subscription to War Loans, Treasury Bills, Exchequer Bonds, &c., it is only inflation in so far as it increases the aggregate of currency, or purchasing power, used by the Government and the nation beyond the rate of increase of the quantity of goods and services to be purchased. Now the gravest charge against the financial conduct of the Government is that by its methods of borrowing it has encouraged and stimulated the bankers thus to inflate the currency. We can best understand how this is done by taking the case of the six hundred millions war loan raised in the summer of 1915. Roughly speaking, 400 millions of this amount were subscribed by the general public and 200 millions by the banks. Now the subscriptions of the general public, apart from bank advances, involved no increase of the aggregate of purchasing power, but merely a transfer to the Government of the purchasing power which would otherwise have been exercised by the subscribers in buying consumable goods or in buying capital goods—i.e., in spending or

in saving. Putting it in another way, these lenders simply caused a quantity of munitions, army stores, and so forth, to be made for the Government to buy, instead of causing commodities or capital goods to be made for themselves to buy. There was real saving behind this loan. Goods were made corresponding to the money to be applied in buying them.

In the case of the 200 millions subscribed by the banks it was quite otherwise. This was a creation of credit unaccompanied by any stimulus producing a corresponding increase of goods. It represented no real saving, either on the part of the shareholders of the banks, or of their depositors. It involved no withdrawal from other purchases in order to enable the Government to purchase more. The banks did not to any considerable extent, indeed could not, realize other securities or withdraw from other investments, in order to lend the proceeds of such withdrawals to the Government. They simply joined with the Bank of England and the Government to enlarge the total fabric of their credit obligations to an abnormal and a dangerous extent in order to enable the Government to perform an exceedingly expensive and injurious operation. The actual order of events was as follows: When a joint-stock bank undertook to subscribe twenty millions, it had not the cash available. But it had a balance of, perhaps, two or three millions with the Bank of England. This balance of "cash" it now transferred to the Government, probably leaving a "debit" account in the Bank of England books for the time being, in respect of the payment of its first instalment of the twenty millions. The Government soon proceeded to draw upon the sums thus placed to its account in the Bank of England by this and other banks in order to pay contractors or make other purchases. The contractors paid the bulk of the money into their banks, thus increasing the total volume of deposits by something like the amount which the banks advanced to the Government. Our particular bank would have its deposits thus swollen. It would thereby be enabled to restore its former balance at the Bank of England, and would hold the Loan Scrip as a new asset.

Now, the first point to notice is that this sort of "credit" differs vitally from the normal credit operations in which banks engage. Banks, by creating credits in order to finance trade, by discounting bills and giving advances and overdrafts, perform a socially productive work. By placing money where it can be advantageously applied to stimulate industry, and by oiling the wheels of commerce, they help to increase production and to facilitate and accelerate the movement of goods. They thus enlarge the aggregate of goods which the increased "money" that they make is set to buy. Sound banking is confined to such operations, and they do not involve inflation or raise prices. No doubt all banks do not, even in normal times, confine themselves to this legitimate creation of credit; and it may well be true that the rise of prices during the past twenty years is largely attributable to a certain amount of inflation that has accompanied the rapid spread of banking operations in the world.

But the bank loans to the Government have done very little, if anything, directly to stimulate or assist production; they have been mainly inflation. The 200 millions supplied last year through the War Loan is, of course, a small proportion of the total advances made by the banks. It is no answer, as we have already shown, to say that the banks merely transfer to the use of the Government the credits they would normally have applied to discounting commercial bills and to other business which, for the time being, is depressed. In the first place, it is untrue. The banks are locking up far larger

amounts of credit in investments than they have hitherto considered it safe to do. The rate of growth of investments in their published accounts is far faster than the rate of growth of money in hand and at call, or even than that of the growth of deposits. According to a recent calculation of the "Economist," "the deposits of the banks affected were 747 millions in June, 1914, 943 millions in 1915, and 987 millions in 1916, an increase of 240 millions in the two years. The investments have risen from 114 millions in 1914 to 172 millions in 1915, and 298 millions in 1916—an increase of 58 millions in the first year and 124 millions in the second."

Moreover, it is pointed out that this is not the full tale of their increased investments. "Probably some of them (the banks) include Treasury bills under discounts, so that it is not possible to arrive at the full extent of their war subscriptions." The suspension of the publication of monthly accounts by the joint-stock banks since June, 1915, may be taken as a pretty conclusive confession that they thought they had something to conceal—i.e., that they were indulging in bad banking.

But the Government which encouraged and directed this finance is more to blame. For, in order to avoid the performance of its plain duty of raising as much as possible by direct taxation and the rest by real loans, involving the curtailment of private expenditure, they have had to an increasing extent recourse to these methods of bank borrowing, which, as Mr. Runciman admits and every trained financier is aware, involve huge quantities of inflation. Now, the first and inevitable effect of inflation, as we see, is to raise prices. But high prices are not an evil in themselves. They are bad because they involve a secret and a particularly baneful method of commandeering goods. The high prices fall with very different incidence upon different classes of the community, punishing the poor in proportion to their poverty. For the poor are those who spend the largest proportion of their income upon the sorts of articles the price of which rises most. It is sometimes said, in favor of high prices, that they compel economy of consumption, which is desirable in war time. But in truth the compulsory economy is virtually confined to persons with fixed incomes, or working-class families dependent on a single wage-earner, whose wages have not risen to correspond with prices. Taking the nation as a whole, it is not true that high prices, due to inflation and not to restriction of supply, compel or evoke economy of consumption. Theory supports here the plain testimony of facts. For inflation at once raises prices and adds to the quantity of purchasing power distributed among the consuming public. Why should people be led to cut down their consumption if their money incomes, ultimately derived from prices paid in the various processes, rise naturally on a level with the higher prices? Inflation is the financial crime. It benefits nobody but the inflaters. The "Statist" a little while ago remarked that last year was the most profitable year the banking industry had ever had. The "Economist" a few weeks ago had the following revealing commentary upon the good price at which bank shares are selling amid the collapse in other securities: "It is a remarkable fact, and a fact on which we have every right to congratulate ourselves, that after more than two years of destructive warfare, the price of the country's bank shares should give so sure an indication of public confidence and of the strength and adaptability of our credit system."

When we consider the double influence of the method of inflation, in putting the banks in possession of large quantities of Government scrip for no real payment on

the part of their shareholders, and in increasing the volume of deposits at their disposal for ordinary loan purposes, we shall not regard with so much complaisance the high prices at which "the country's bank shares" are maintained. The net result of the transaction is the endowment of the private banking industry out of the country's wealth, and the reduction to a minimum of the national incentive to save at the very time when it is most needed.

THE NEUROSIS OF SOUTH WALES.

THERE are two methods in fashion for dealing with the diseases of our sophisticated life. One method, known popularly as hypnotism, tries to overwhelm the causes of irritation and disturbance by the power of some controlling influence. The other method, known as psycho-analysis, tries to discover the cause by tracing the symptoms which indicate the neurosis from which the patient is suffering. In the one case treatment proceeds on the theory that the evil may be banished by the method of forgetting it; in the other, on the theory that the cause must be declared, the facts elicited, and the evil thereby rendered harmless.

In war a nation proceeds, as a rule, by the first method, and that is how we began this war two years ago. Patriotism was to put all our vices to sleep; the nation was to cease its quarrels, forget its internal struggles, and to become one people. But from time to time it became evident that this method had its limitations, that there were obstacles too great and too deep-rooted for its success, that, in short, whatever the nation felt, there was not enough governing capacity to give effect to this inspiration. We have been reminded in some dramatic and disquieting way that the neurosis was still there. This has been the part played by South Wales. It is easy to blame this disturbing population for breaking into the nation's work and purpose. It is more profitable to try to understand what the disturbance means, to look for the neurosis and to apply the remedy.

For this purpose it is essential to study the temper of the South Wales miner as revealed in three special articles in the "Times," and yet more effectively in the pages of the "Welsh Outlook," a monthly review of great interest and power. What do we learn from these sources? We learn that the neurosis is the industrial system. South Wales illustrates that system at its worst. Nowhere have the claims of men and women to be treated as men and women been more ruthlessly denied than in the economy of the Welsh mining districts. The most elementary ambitions of a civilized society have been persistently disregarded. The doctrine of the right of the stronger to plunder the community is paraded in the most brutal and challenging fashion. Actually in the midst of the miseries of this war, millionaires are swallowing up one great industrial concern after another, and preaching the gospel of the Industrial Revolution in a spirit that makes the war itself appear a mere incident in the aggrandizement of the few.

Under this shadow there has grown up a population which is largely led by a minority of fervent men who have thrown themselves into the study of the causes and conditions of social degradation with an intense passion and earnestness. These men have learnt in a bitter and violent school, what most modern minds are coming to appreciate from more leisurely and detached investigations, that there can be no peace or unity in a nation in which a small minority holds this immense power over

human life. They are in rebellion against a Prussian temper in industrialism, which allows the nation no respite even in war. This is the real meaning of the demand for an independent audit of the companies' profits. The South Wales miner refuses to admit that a great industry, with all its vast network of human life and happiness, is the private property or private concern of any company or set of directors. What he says to the Government is this: "You have tried hypnotism, but hypnotism has failed, for it could not put to sleep the deep and permanent instincts of this industrial system. You have now to try the contrary method. Recognize the evil, and take active measures to deprive it of its malign power during the war." That is the meaning of the miners' message to the Government. And if the Government have any understanding of the temper of the nation, they will see that unless they are ready to act with a firm hand towards the rich, to treat the concerns of this industry as a public matter, and to say that no set of capitalists is to be allowed to make fortunes out of the nation's peril and necessity, they cannot ask the people as a whole to make the self-sacrifices necessary to victory. Why should not the South Wales mines be taken over by the State under some arrangement which eliminates war profits? The companies might act as agents for the State with a fixed payment, or they might receive the average profits over a period of years before the war. The men should be made parties to the transaction, and wages should be adjusted to prices, and in this case, too, no element of extra profit should enter in. If this action had been taken two years ago or even a year ago, we should have escaped a great dissipation of our strength, and we should have been spared some painful humiliations. Delay now would be treason to the nation and its cause.

INDUSTRIAL RECONSTRUCTION.—VI.

WE are not to be numbered among those who believe that there is some quite simple device for reconciling the conflicting interest of employers and employed. Indeed, such a view seems to us to rest on an entirely mistaken conception of the character and intensity of class feeling, and of the effects produced by the war in the industrial sphere. We hear much in these days of the "brotherhood of the trenches" as a solvent of all social and economic animosities. If we are sceptical, it is not because we doubt that an element of comradeship does exist "over there," but because we have our eyes also on the workshops at home. Whatever may be the position in France or Salonika, the effect of the war in this country has been a widening of class divisions, so that only a precarious unity is maintained in face of the common need. Nor do we believe that the "brotherhood of the trenches" will itself survive the ordeal of demobilization. It is one thing for a body of men, united in facing a common danger, to achieve comradeship: it is quite another for comradeship to endure when the danger has passed and the bond of common action is broken. The returning soldiers, officers and men, will be scattered far and wide: they will re-enter the social groups which they left at the call of war, only to find the old animosities persisting and the old problems still demanding solution. Their new environment will recall the comradeship of the pre-war grouping; and the chances are that class loyalty will make short work of the solidarity of the classes.

The idea of industrial harmony arising naturally from the experience of war is a chimera. The future of industrial relations will be determined, not by the pressure of events, but by our success in thinking out

solutions, at least of a provisional kind. In previous articles, we have outlined some of the most difficult features in the industrial situation; and here we may sum up briefly the conclusions to which we have come. There are two, and only two, roads along which industrial reconstruction can proceed. One of these roads is the road of reaction, the other the road of social advance. The philosophy of the one is the philosophy of expertism and bureaucracy; the philosophy of the other is based on the principle of self-government. Either we must follow the road of scientific management to its goal in an absolute division of industrial classes both by function and by idea, or we must follow the road along which advanced trade union thought is travelling towards the wide diffusion of self-government among the manual workers.

We have stated clearly our preference for the second view, which alone is consistent with any real democracy. Our political machinery assumes, and is based upon, the principle of self-government; and, however ill fact assorts with theory, upon this principle there can be no going back. But if democracy is assumed to be good in politics, can industrial autocracy hope to remain unchallenged? The growth and power of trade unionism are the form and substance of the challenge; and the case in their favor is precisely the case which was put forward by advocates of representative government when the very notion of popular sovereignty was a revolutionary political concept. May we not, then, expect that the development of self-government in industry will be marked by stages similar to those by which our political system has been developed? Beginning as a half-articulate challenge to autocracy, then gaining recognition as a critical force, Parliament became, after centuries of struggle, the legislative body and subordinated to itself the Executive. Moreover, the paralysis of government was greatest at those times when Parliament possessed a recognized right of criticism but had not yet secured full legislative power or direct control of the Executive—in fact, while Parliament was a negative and restrictive force. In the same way, the self-government of the workers begins in a half-articulate form in the early struggles of the trade unions, and becomes a recognized critical force with their rise to power and influence. But, at this stage, their influence is still restrictive, because they have no direct power of industrial legislation and no direct control over the industrial executive. Only with the concession of this direct and positive power will the restrictive period end, and democracy become the ruling principle of industrial organization.

There is indeed much to be done both in the trade union movement and elsewhere before such a change can come about; but it is necessary that we should look ahead as far as we can. The policy which we adopt after the war may well determine for a long period the nature of industrial relations, and only a long view is equal to the task of framing it. The measure of direct control which it is possible to put into the hands of the workers after the war may seem very modest; but if it is framed in a generous spirit, without attempt to impose restrictive conditions, and in such a manner as to make growth easy, there is good hope that great results may follow from small beginnings.

The obstacles in the way of a solution of the problem of industrial self-government are formidable, but not insurmountable. One of the greatest is the lack of broad-minded and imaginative leadership in the trade union world. The vast mass of both leaders and rank and file have neither a clear conception of the purpose of trade unionism nor a considered policy even on

immediate issues. They are too often conservative with a conservatism based more on prejudice than on reason. But, if this seems unpromising material to build with, we must remember that we have no choice but to build. Trade unionism is powerful enough as a disturbing force for even those who do not see the justification for the trouble it makes to seek a better outlet for the aspirations by which the trouble is caused. The trade unions, then, may well plead for public sympathy in facing their internal problems of organization. Every employer and every trade unionist knows that one of the biggest obstacles to the advancement of trade unionism is the disorganization of the trade unions themselves. The eternal bickering of section with section is an annoyance to employer and workman alike, and impedes both the self-expression of the workers and the free development of industry. Under any industrial conditions, some rules of demarcation between skilled trades are necessary and inevitable; but the separate existence of a large number of sectional societies tends to produce, instead of reasonable regulations marking off one trade from another, a vast medley of conflicting decisions based on no principle except the desire of each trade to secure the monopoly of the greatest possible amount of work. In the sphere of demarcation between skilled tradesmen, there is ample room for logical readjustments which would be for the good of everyone concerned, for employers as well as workers, and for industry as a whole. Such readjustments will, however, continue to be in practice very difficult while the illogical organization of the workers in many distinct craft unions persists. It is therefore to the interest of the whole industrial community that amalgamation of trade unions should be made as easy as possible; and support ought to be forthcoming from all sides for an amendment of the present law, which requires for amalgamation a two-thirds majority of the whole membership. Employers, who are constantly expressing their weariness of demarcation troubles, would do well to take to heart the lesson that the only way out of the difficulty is by the amalgamation of trade unions on broader lines.

"Demarcation" is a term restricted to the relations between skilled tradesmen. We come now to a no less fruitful cause of dispute—the relations between skilled and unskilled. Broadly speaking, it may be said that, whereas the unions of skilled workers are always striving to restrict large classes of work to their own members, the employers are always trying, as far as they think prudent, to establish their right to employ any man or woman they please on any job. From this arise disputes between the unions of skilled and unskilled workers as well as disputes between workers and employers. Some way of settling these disputes by arrangement is urgently needed, and it is to be hoped that some such settlement will be arrived at when reorganization is being considered after the war. The employer demands greater elasticity in the use of labor, the worker security for his standard rate, and sometimes monopoly of the job for skilled men. Much of the friction which arises in such matters is purely accidental or incidental, and might well be avoided if better means existed for settling workshop conditions between employer and employed. Here, again, the problem is one of both machinery and spirit; but the spirit which is essential for solution will result only from the provision of reasonable machinery. National conferences of employers and workers must inevitably meet for the discussion of after-war conditions. When they do so, their chief preoccupation should be the provision of machinery which, by securing to the workers a degree of self-government, will make easier the solution of many of the most difficult problems.

Let us say here that we are not promising any final reconciliation of the classes. Such a reconciliation, under existing conditions, is well nigh impossible, and we have stated our reasons for believing that the war has not altered this fact. We are seeking, not a final settlement of the question of industrial relations, but a provisional solution which will at once stimulate industrial efficiency for the future, and realize in some measure the workers' demand for self-government. Whither, in the long run, this solution may lead us, we are not prepared to say; we affirm only that it seems to us to offer the best hope of an immediate reconstruction of industry after the war on democratic lines. Many people are still content with far too narrow a view of the changes which are necessary; they ignore or underestimate the nature of the convulsion through which our social system has been passing; and they imagine that, in essentials, the old order will re-create itself easily and permanently. We do not agree: to us it appears inevitable that we should move either a long way forward or a long way back, and it is in the belief that there are vital principles which must underlie any real attempt at re-construction that these articles have been written. We desire to see the pledge made to the trade unions honored, and their power and influence increased, not simply because a national pledge involves the national honor, but also because we see in the growth of trade union authority over industry a hope of securing an industrial system in which efficiency and self-government will be reconciled.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

I DOUBT the power of the Government to resist the demand for another Secret Session. The anxiety is too keen; the demand of Parliament for a closer knowledge and a more effective control of the course of the war much too urgent. The House is done to death with phrases, and yet the closer realities continually escape it, in face of a Cabinet which grasps power, hides knowledge, and suppresses much opinion, without giving an assurance of political competence or a clear direction of the war. The country is concerned as to the progress of the war, and gets increasingly restive under the rule of oppression that conscription has set up, the ensuing ruin of small people, and the inconsiderate harshness with which its subjects are treated in word and in act. Any time, therefore, a change might come. The "Morning Post" has taken Mr. George to its barren bosom, and a George-Carson combination is openly talked of. But such advocacy does Mr. George only harm; and such a Ministry would have the confidence neither of the country nor of the Army.

NOR are these feelings dissociated from a certain change of tone about the war. Ideas of moderation, appeasement, grow here as in Germany; and with them the hope of a peace which will usher in a new European society, and close the reign of hate that devours the world. They gain strength from the now widely-spread views of the army, and from the feeling that, after all, the greater end of the war—the destruction of the threatened all-dominance of Germany—is in sight. Two kindred tendencies I especially note. The first is the growing unpopularity of all the statesmen. Time was when the State promised to be all in all, and its governing minds the most attractive figures in our life. Now the reverse is the case. The Army is adored; but there is

not a political hero left. And with the workmen State Socialism shares the decline in which the class of politicals is involved. Is that strange? Formerly the Government seemed to be the Grand Almoner. Now it is the dispenser of ills; while the abler and more experienced trade unionists have been repelled by its necessarily crude intervention in industrial processes and management. This has raised a really unjust prejudice against the State official. The thought of the workmen now runs more in the direction of Guild Socialism or joint management.

UNFORTUNATELY, this new thoughtfulness and independence of the public mind gets next to no expression in the Press. It is rather different in Germany; yes, even in Zabernized Germany. The Press grossly falsifies there, as an interesting article in the "Westminster" shows. But feeling breaks out, as in the series of articles which Harden pours out from his "Zukunft." What a passion of regret sweeps through those wild, disordered, sincere pages—how much desire to find a way back to concord and seemly living for his distracted country and her enemies! I turn to the dry, flat pages of our officialized Press, written by men, able, well-meaning, but from whom the Censorship seems to have squeezed every drop of red blood. To them the war presents itself as a series of movements in mud (which they do not understand) instead of an agony of the world, in which it is perishing. When I read these things I wonder at my craft. I sometimes doubt whether it is a human occupation at all.

MEANWHILE, what are the facts of the undoubted advance towards an offer of settlement? I find nothing more concrete than the German Chancellor's offer to join the Grey-Wilson League of Nations. That is something, and with it must be associated Harden's comment that the real object of the Entente is to bring Germany into the political system of Western Europe, based on a surrender of militarism, Liberal institutions, and a system of arbitration, and that an offer on these lines should find a fruitful response before Christmas. And there is also, I think, some substance in the interesting sketch which the "Philadelphia Ledger" gives of the sliding scale of German terms which runs up or down with the fluctuations of the war. At the moment it seems to have stopped at a surrender of Belgium, with an indemnity (to be masked as the purchase-money of a connecting strip of the Congo), and the transfer to France of Metz and a bit of Lorraine. The "compensations" would be a bit of North-Eastern Serbia, to ensure the "Corridor"—the "dry Suez Canal"—through Belgrade and Nish, and on to Constantinople and Baghdad, the province of Courland, an "independent" Poland, and an agreement with Britain as to the freedom of the seas. Clearly there are terms here which are absolutely inadmissible. There are others which might open up a fair revision of the map of Europe. But the League of Nations is at least a real base, for it represents the great breach with German individualism to which, in form at least, the Chancellor has come.

FRANCIS JOSEPH was the last of the old line of European sovereigns that, for lack of a better name, we may call Victorian. The colleague (may one speak of Kings as colleagues?) who was nearest to him in character, and whom he liked most, was our King Edward, who talked very colloquial German with him, influenced him, and, if he had lived, might have saved him from the last hapless adventure of his haphazard reign. Malicious gossip said that in the last months of his life

he lost memory of the war, and that his failing mind went back to the Austro-Prussian campaign and stayed there, recording each success with delight as a victory against his old enemy. I suppose he was the most typical of those terrifying idols, the State-Kings of our times. State-duty ossified any heart that he ever possessed, so that the recurring tragedies of his home and blood affected him little, while he plodded cheerfully on in the service of his "ramshackle" Empire. Thus he came to have two records. My boyish memory of him, drawn with the assistance of the London draymen who mobbed Haynau, is of an old tyrant. My later apprehension is of a fairly liberal Father of his People. Some of his family surroundings were so astoundingly decadent that one wonders how he could have retained his reason in the midst of such a set. Others, again, were full of charm and intelligence.

THERE is hope that the punishment of "crucifixion" will shortly be abolished.

I WONDER whether Ministers quite realize what they are doing when they speak of a restricted use of sugar. Sugar is a necessary food, especially for children and young people. I imagine that between 200,000 and 300,000 shops (mostly little ones) make it a prime article of sale. There is now to be a sudden curtailment of supply, and in the same breath the public are very properly warned against grossly luxurious forms of expenditure on it. It will submit. But there is a pretty strong feeling that dealing with this matter must be equitable, and must have regard to the physical efficiency of the nation. Otherwise, there will be both widespread ruin and much sacrifice of child-health or even of child-life. How, then, can the Government restrict its sugar shipments and leave untouched the national consumption of alcohol, which happens to be double that of the United States, happens also to require a good deal of space in ships for imported barley, and on British land for the home-grown article, and happens also to lower efficiency, while sugar heightens it? That is an impossible proposition. It could not be defended even in the House of Commons.

I TAKE the following extract from a letter from an officer on the French front:—

"I had a letter from you enclosing the letter from a soldier reprinted from THE NATION. I was very much interested, and three of us have been discussing it and feel that it is absolutely true. You will have gathered from my letters that I feel the breach as strongly as he does. It is an abyss that cannot be bridged over. Why should you understand and feel what we had had to understand? It wouldn't help anyone. Down in our souls is something we know that you will never know. It is like a new sense that has been born in us: a new sense which in a way has stemmed all other senses, a realization of a sort of endurance which has never been expected of us ordinary men before. As he says, it isn't the newspaper side of war—the horrors, the mutilated people, the sufferers from shell shock, the sort of active dramatic happenings of suffering—but just the ground-work from which this all arises. There is something satisfying, a relief because something can be done, with the terrible tragedies, and there is an obvious pity and horror. None of the terrible sights affect me in the same way as the sight of the men who come back safe. The others have been the happenings, but these are the unending ground-work, and, when you see them, you know that such a thing should never be—a long, struggling body of haggard men, not knowing where they are going, just with a feeling that they are coming out of it till next time, covered with mud, unshaven, staring dully in front of them as they plod through the mud and driving rain. Then they'll meet the men going up to the trenches, and they'll wish them luck, and tell them it's not so bad. Of course, it's fine, but what else could they do? I know when I see them I feel ashamed

to be alive. . . . We don't want to think or analyze; we are going to endure. Whether any circumstances or powers have the right to ask it, is another thing. Politicians dictate, and these wonderful creatures obey without a word, but they don't think about ideals. They only know that war is a horror which should never be allowed, and that they must endure, which is much harder than dying, until they make it an impossibility for others."

I AM told that Mr. George Cadbury's proprietorship of the "Daily News" ceased some time ago.

A FAMILIAR correspondent sends me the following story of Admiral von Spee from the lips of a credible English lady, and with the apt comment that "it would have pleased old Plutarch":—

"She was lying ill in a hotel at Valparaíso in November, 1914, when Admiral von Spee arrived there, victorious over Cradock. The Germans predominate in that part of Chili—every second man there seemed to me to be talking German. They gave von Spee a great reception. The road was strewn with flowers for him; but he said: 'This is not right—flowers are to strew on a man's grave,' or 'keep them for my grave,'—the words were variously reported. He was entertained to a banquet. One of the toasts was, 'Damnation to the British Navy!' Von Spee refused to drink it or join in it at all."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE DEAD EMPEROR.

"CALL NO man happy until he is dead." That maxim of ancient pessimism had often been forgotten in the long career of the Emperor Francis Joseph; not even the most loyal of Austrian eulogists will forget it to-day. The reign which began in war has ended in war. It has accumulated every disaster with which a civilized state can be acquainted—wars and civil wars, barricades and assassinations, lost territories and lost affections, and for its two crowning humiliations it has been twice saved by its greater neighbors—at the outset by Russia, and at the end by Germany. The old man had experienced almost every private tragedy which mankind can suffer—the murder of a wife, the suicide of one heir, and the murder of another. In spite of it all, if Francis Joseph had died three years ago, the world would have united to call him happy. He at least had lived serenely through all these turmoils. Called to the throne a fugitive from his capital, to replace an Emperor who had abdicated under pressure, with his Germans, his Magyars, and his Italians all in arms against him, the chief personal result of his long reign was that he was in some measure beloved by all the races of his composite Empire. It may have been a love which had more of tolerance in it than of ardor. It was more the growth of compassion for his misfortunes than of enthusiasm for his qualities. No one called him the great or the wise, or even the good. No one spoke of his glory, his laurels, or his luck. But there was none the less in the personality of this average, kindly old man, not very clever and not very strong, some human quality which seemed to help to keep his estates together. The historian who compares the Austria of 1848 with the Austria-Hungary of 1914, will have recorded little save wars and civil wars, dissensions and mistakes, vacillations and changes of policy, and yet he will have to say that at the end of it all the Dual Monarchy was much more compact, much less disaffected, much more civilized, and much more free than it was at the beginning. What his final verdict will be, depends on the length and outcome of this war.

It is safer meanwhile in attempting to estimate the career of the dead Emperor to stop short on the eve of the catastrophe that followed the murders of Serajevo. The ultimate end must mean some decisive change in the Austria-Hungary we have known. It may conceivably, if the war continues not for months but for years, be "broken up." If it survives, two alternatives lie before it—resistance to nationality, which means that it must become the satellite and protégé of Germany, or else the adoption of federalism which may restore external independence with internal harmony. This choice lies beyond the reign of Francis Joseph.

It is very hard to draw in sharp outlines any sketch of the dead Emperor—whether as man or ruler. He was not an intellect, nor was he a shaping and energetic will. One thinks of him rather as a typical Viennese, growing up in a generation and in a caste which had none of the hard, logical German education, easy-going, genial, a man of the world, no pillar of morality, tightly bound by the old aristocratic conventions, attached to the Church, but rather disposed to use it than to accept guidance from it. It must have been a mind which moved very slowly, but in a reign of eight-and-sixty years there was ample time for the deliberate movements of a slow and dignified intellect. It seemed to pass from the sheer absolutism of youth to a kind of democracy in old age, but one doubts whether in any of its many phases there was ever a clear theoretic political tendency. At bottom we suspect that the personal conflict in the ruler's mind lay between the mild but very lofty Hapsburg tradition of beneficent autocracy, and the human wish to be popular, to rule easily, to occupy a position not too isolated, not too remote from the currents of the day. The conflict was never very sharp, and even when he conceded universal suffrage in Austria, we should question whether the Emperor was conscious of surrendering anything vital. Nor did he, in fact, surrender anything whatever in Austria that really interfered with his personal authority. The conflict of races and parties was always too acute to permit of the growth of a democracy.

As one reads the records of the many phases of this reign, two questions emerge. Had Francis Joseph any clear and continuous policy, and if he had, did he succeed in realizing it? On the whole, we incline to think that his own sympathies were habitually with the aristocratic-clerical tendency, which wished to create a federal system for the whole Empire. That tendency, after several periods of partial success, was defeated because it lacked adequate mass support. The weaker nationalities favored it for their own local reasons, and so did the higher nobility and the Church, which both were able to conceive an Austrian national idea. If at some time in the 'seventies there had existed universal suffrage in both monarchies, and if the Czechs, Croats, Serbs, Roumans, and other minor nationalities had been even as relatively prosperous and well-educated as they are to-day, the transformation of Austria-Hungary into a federal Empire might have been achieved. It was broken partly by the divisions in the Slav camp, between the Pan Slavist Czechs and the Russophobe Poles, but chiefly by the still preponderant power of the Germans in one half of the dual monarchy, and of the Magyars in the other. The defeat of federalism was, we suspect, a personal defeat for Francis Joseph. That he felt it more acutely than he felt his other misfortunes, we should doubt. He adjusted himself to that as he adjusted himself to everything. He conceived of power not as the opportunity to carry out policies, but as the personal right to manage and govern. That he always retained, down even to his last illness.

He chose his Ministers, and, partly by the adroit and respectable corruption of patronage, partly by the expedient of suspending the constitution, his Ministers were always able to manage a Reichsrath which was impotent just because it was turbulent. It was his way to choose mediocrities to fill his Ministerial posts. Strong men were often appointed to the common Ministry of Foreign Affairs, but in an Austrian Premier he looked only for commonplace competence. Was it the habitual jealousy of the autocrat, or was it merely that he wished to avoid decided and adventurous policies? It was probably jealousy, and the other side of the same trait was his notorious ingratitude towards soldiers and statesmen who had served him well. He was not a big man, and he disliked bigness in others. In his later years he was the victim of a somnolent senility which, in internal affairs at least, postponed and avoided all decisive action. Men used to predict the calamities which would follow his death. In point of fact, the prolongation of his reign may have brought much graver danger to his country than his earlier death would have caused. In the 'seventies the country was not quite ripe for federalism, latterly the change was overdue, and the best thing that could have happened to Austria and to Europe might have been the accession to the throne of the pro-Slav Archduke who was murdered before his statesmanship could be tested. His plans could not have been realized without a sharp struggle with the Magyars, but they would have avoided that fatal sense of a necessary conflict between Germans and Slavs which made this war.

On the whole, we incline to think that Austria-Hungary's survival was not directly a positive achievement of the late Emperor's. He had undoubtedly some qualities which helped—geniality, dignity, a rather pedestrian sagacity, and a slow power of adaptation. But in the main, the answer to the riddle why Austria-Hungary survives is not political at all, but economic. Consider it as a political structure, and you may find it hard to say much more for it than it exists: it has a venerable past behind it; a substitute would not be easy to create. But in no other region of Europe do politics count for so little. The middle-classes live more generally for pleasure than elsewhere, and the masses are still a generation behind the West of Europe. Even the noisy struggle of races is in Austria (though not in Hungary) much less a battle over ideals than it seems, and much more a competition for offices and local benefits than we realize. Austria-Hungary has survived, we suspect, chiefly because the jumbled races living in a big Continental area with few outlets to the sea, must combine to use the same rivers and the same ports. There is no magic in the Hapsburgs. There was no magnetism in Francis Joseph. But the Dual Monarchy was a formula which meant the common use of Trieste, Fiume, the Danube, and the railway system. The theorist can readily devise other formulæ by which the same end might be achieved. Some of them may be in theory much better formulæ. A certain economic unity is the prime essential, and as an expression of economic unity the Hapsburg system had one merit: it existed. A more vital or a better educated community would have insisted on creating a better system, but the peoples of the Dual Monarchy realized instinctively that any political adventure to achieve a better system might have jeopardized the one great benefit which the Hapsburg Crown assured them, a wide area of internal free trade and good communications. If Austria-Hungary, on the whole, became a solidier structure between 1848 and 1914, it was partly because Austria (though not Hungary) had learned the lesson of toleration towards its nationalities, but it was also because, with

the coming of railways and the industrial system, the economic factor in its common life had become immensely more important than it was two generations ago. That was no merit of Francis Joseph's. He watched the change as he watched everything else, without initiative, without formulated theories, strong only in his power of enduring vicissitude and in adapting himself slowly to the march of events. France is a living idea. Prussia is a logical system. Austria is rather a geographical necessity. It was a negative merit in Francis Joseph that he embodied no idea and improved no system; he stood simply for the elementary notion of continuity and unity which belongs, not to the people, but to the soil between the Carpathians and Adriatic. He flowed on with a steady persistence like the Danube, and like the Danube he was a bond of union.

FORTY-EIGHT ACRES.

If we reduced the total area in England and Wales under crops and grass to forty-eight acres, this is how it would be divided according to the latest agricultural returns. Twenty-nine acres permanent grass, five acres clover and rotation grasses, fourteen acres arable. The chief arable crops would be five acres of barley and oats, three acres of potatoes, swedes, and mangolds, three acres of wheat, half-an-acre of beans and peas, and many lesser patches of vetches, mustard, lucerne, hops, &c. The live stock on our forty-eight average acres would amount to two horses, four cows and heifers, seven other cattle of all ages, thirty-three sheep, and three pigs. These are the figures, done to scale, for 1916. Last year, under the stress of a national crisis and before the odd man or fraction of a man went to the war, the wheat area was increased by half-an-acre, mainly at the expense of the barley crop. The little farm, having done "its little bit," now goes back as nearly as possible to pre-war conditions.

How does this compare with whatever better things there may be? How does it compare with Germany before the war? A return recently issued as a Parliamentary Paper gives us the comparison in terms of a hundred acres, which we again bring down to the scale of our smaller model. If our forty-eight-acre farm produced three tons of wheat, a German farm of the same size would produce seven tons, if it grew a ton of potatoes, the German farm would grow five, the German would sell rather more meat, one-and-a-half times as much milk, and more than a ton of sugar against the English farm's none. The English farm would feed twenty-one persons, the German farm of the same size would feed thirty-three persons.

If we mentioned these facts to a farmer, we should be told at once that agriculture is protected in Germany and neglected by the State in England. Equally weighty figures can be produced in favor of Denmark and Holland, where agriculture is as free as in our land, but we might ask how well does the average English farm do whose staple product is milk, an article that in an obvious way is naturally protected against foreign competition, and supported by a cheapness of raw material that does not obtain in tariff-protected countries? We can turn our model statistical farm into a milk farm by compounding its sheep for cows at the rate of nine sheep for a fully grown cow. Its live stock then consists of two horses, twelve cows and heifers, eight other cattle, and three pigs. The model thus imagined compares very closely with an average milk-farm of forty-eight acres drawn by the agricultural organizer for Derbyshire, and

presented to the Board of Agriculture. Mr. Bond says that the average milk farm of that size in the Belper district of mid-Derbyshire carries three horses, eleven cows and heifers, and eight other cattle of all ages. From this it appears that a milk farm is not ahead of other farms in respect to the amount of stock it carries. Mr. Bond's article shows how far it is behind what an intelligent and energetic man can make it. His report deals with the farm of Bargate in the Belper district, which, in 1907, was far below the Belper average, and now stands far above it. It now carries fifteen milking cows and heifers, and ten other cattle. Its total arable is seventeen acres, *plus* six acres of seeds, its corn is six and a-half acres, and its roots four and a-half. If the whole of England and Wales were improved as this farm has been during the last nine years, our output of wheat and meat would be nearly doubled.

By no means the whole story has yet been told of this Bargate farm. It has to be asked what kind of cows are the eleven of the average farm, and the fifteen of the improved farm. One cow may consume almost as much as she produces, another may cost no more to keep, and may be twice as profitable. The immensely important work of milk testing and breeding for higher and higher milk-yielding powers that is done by every farmer in Holland has only made a beginning in England. We have as yet only twenty milk-recording societies and 633 approved bulls subsidized by the Government. One of the bulls resides at Bargate farm, and we cannot doubt that the tenant belongs to a milk-recording society. At any rate, he knows what his cows yield. In a single year he has discarded as many as seven of his fifteen cows, and in three years has raised the milking average of his whole herd from 776 gallons to 818 gallons. The yield of the average Belper forty-eight-acre farm is stated to be 6,600 gallons per annum, and the yield of Bargate farm, 12,123, or nearly double. As there are already five cows in the herd that give a thousand gallons apiece, it is certain that the present yield of Bargate Farm will shortly be again considerably improved.

The working up of this little holding to four times its fertility of nine years ago reads like a romance, even in the bare terms of an agricultural report. In the first place, the six acres of arable have been increased to twenty-three of a much more intensive culture, without increase (except probably in quality) of the two horses formerly employed. There must have been considerable waste of horse-power under the old rule, as well as on the average farm. The improvement of the pasture is described by those who know as "literally wonderful." Basic slag and close grazing are the main instruments of this improvement, though a good landlord has taken a hand in respect to two fields by helping to drain them. In one case, superphosphate and ground-lime were used instead of lime "in accordance with the results of county experiments." An organized and successful attack has been made on a bed of creeping thistle, and some very old pasture, in a badly matted condition, has been ploughed up and relaid. "In these days of scientific seeding and manuring," says the report, "it does not require a generation to establish a profitable pasture." A field thus broken up bore forty tons of mangolds to the acre the first year, and afterwards three tons of hay. How many farmers are satisfied to mow less than a ton every other year from potentially better fields?

In the first five years the average expenditure on fertilizers was £35, and on feeding-stuffs £114. However, "in the accepted sense of the term, the farm is practically self-supporting." Its high stocking ensures the great crops necessary to feed that stock. All the bulky food is produced on the farm, and as great green

crops are preserved in the shape of ensilage, the production of milk is curiously equal in winter and summer. The preservation of all the liquid manure must form a high percentage of the advantage that Bargate has over most other farms in the kingdom. Among the crops grown for ensilage or for feeding green to the cattle, a field of vetches deserves mention. We have heard farmers object to vetches on the score of the difficulty of cutting a big crop, as well as the difficulty of making it into hay. The admixture of an upright plant for the vetches to climb on removes the first difficulty, and the silo disposes of the other. At Bargate, vetches were sown with winter wheat, oats, and rye, and produced a crop five feet high, the cutting of which "did not present great difficulties." Many farmers reckon that each foot of such a crop would yield a ton of hay. The report puts the yield at four and a-half tons.

The present treatment of Bargate leads directly towards the system of "continuous cropping," which has already produced experimental results even more surprising. The tenant, in fact, is deliberately feeling his way towards this system, and the time has come when he must consider the question of breaking up as much more pasture as will find full work for another pair of hands. As an example of what the land will produce for cattle, with the manure of cattle to back it up, we have an acre of oat stubble sown in September with rye. This produced food valued at £3 a week (on the strength of the milk record) for five days in April, and twenty-five in May, saving the grass meanwhile. It was sown on May 27th with marrow-stemmed kale for winter keep, and will be ready for sowing again in spring with a third crop to be harvested within the circle of two years.

The working of Bargate showed an apparent loss of £50 at the end of the first year, a slight profit for the second year, and thereafter the farm has paid. We have to remember that the land was very much down at the start. It was strongly declared that it would not support five cows. Now, the profits are being invested and reinvested on the land itself in accordance with the practice of the golden days of agriculture. The sole all-the-year-round labor was provided by the holder and his son, and as gross returns have now risen to more than seven hundred pounds, there must be a good living and an accumulating fortune for them. A few hundred thousand such holdings would add a wealth to our country not easy to calculate.

Short Studies.

MY TRIP TO GERMANY.—I.

By MADELEINE DOTY.

[We are compelled, for reasons of space, to omit Miss Doty's interesting description of her entry into Germany. Her diary begins with her arrival at Hamburg from Copenhagen, and goes on as follows.]

I AWOKE to find myself in Germany. I sprang from bed and crept to the window. Beneath lay an empty courtyard—quiet, still, no sign of life. I press the electric button and order breakfast. A pale, worried little man arrives with a tray. There is the same undrinkable coffee of the night before, a tiny drop of blue watery-milk in a doll's pitcher no bigger than my thumb, no sugar, some black, sour, uneatable bread, and a small saucer of marmalade. Irritation seizes me. How can I spend weeks in Germany without proper food? I remember my box of American crackers, and the Danish butter and sausage reposing in the hotel

refrigerator. But I have the decency not to send for them. I have at most some weeks of discomfort, the German people months of patient suffering. The Danish food shall go to a German friend. By the time I am dressed, my travelling companion, No. 50, has joined me. We decide to make a tour of the city. It is a gray, sunless day. The weather increases the gloom of the city. Only a few people are upon the street; old people or very young people and tiny children. But occasionally we pass a silent, dejected group lined up before a meat shop. It is a meat day. Working women with babies in their arms, or tiny children carrying baskets, or old decrepit men and women clutching a Government meat card, patiently wait their turn. The shop door flies open, three or four are admitted, and a miserable half-pound of meat portioned out.

Except for these food purchasers, the city seems actionless. We enter a book shop and ask for a map. But to sell a plan of Hamburg is *verboten*. So many things are *verboten*. Perhaps that accounts for the inactivity. Store windows present a fine display, but inside the shop is silent and empty.

Even in the business section there is little life. We find a small boat that makes a three hours' trip about the harbor, and take it. The great wharves are peopleless, no hurrying men, no swinging derricks, no smoke issuing from smokestacks or funnels. In the docks lie big and little boats, rusty, paintless, deserted. The great "Imperator," like a towering monster, commands the centre. The paint is peeling from its sides. Its brass is dull, some dirty stained blankets flap on an upper deck. Like a thing alive it seems stricken with plague. Its proud title "Imperator" is gone, and in its place is the word "Cap Polonia." Except for our tug and two others, no vessels move upon the water. There are no whistles, no chug-chug and swish of passing boats, no vibrant thrilling life. Hamburg is a city of sleepers. Its big hotels, its many stores, its impressive buildings stretch out endlessly, but within all is still. All that modern industry and the ingenuity of man can achieve has here been flung upon the land, and then the force that created it has vanished, leaving these great monuments to rot, to rust, and to crumble. The tragedy of unused treasures is as horrible as rows of dead. A city seems visibly dying.

Faint from want of food, we leave the boat to seek a restaurant. We find one directly opposite the Hamburg-American docks, on the hillside. We seat ourselves on the outdoor porch which commands the harbor. As we do so, we notice a long line of women and children filing into the big Hamburg-American buildings. Each bears a pail. When they emerge it is with steaming contents. The docks have been turned into big feeding kitchens. When the women leave, a whistle blows. Then from every direction come old men and young boys. They come running, hopping, jumping, each striving to be first, driven by hunger, or by fear that the last may have nothing. The police keep them in order. They file into the big building to eat.

The meal furnished us is scanty, but after this scene it seems bountiful. There is soup, fish, meat, vegetables, fruit, and cheese. The bread and meat are to be had only with cards. Like the day before, the food is watery and tasteless. It is such food as is served in institutions. Prison diet does not promote health or strength. One can live on it, but patriotism and temper suffer. I discover there are two kinds of bread, one a small roll, its substance only slightly dark. This is very eatable, and quite different from the ordinary black bread. Six of these small rolls can be had on a daily bread card. This bread, with a piece of Swiss cheese, do much to restore me to cheerfulness.

When we have finished, No. 50 suggested a trip to the Bismarck Denkmal. She is an ardent admirer of Bismarck and all German officials. It is only a short walk to the Denkmal. It is situated on a small hill, and the gigantic figure is further elevated by a high pedestal, till it towers over the city.

There is something sinister in the figure. It is clad in armor, and leans on a gigantic sword. It seems to say "no force in the world shall deter me; I conquer all."

Yet there is weakness behind the strength. As a work of art it is a failure. It is made of square cut stone, placed on square cut stone. This endless multiplicity of exactly similar stones, well ordered and arranged, has the effect of massive greatness. But it is a greatness built from the outside. Beneath is no inspired central vein of strength.

Rodin's sculpture personifies power. But the power of his figures arises from depicting the fire, energy, and originality of the human soul. But my companion is enthralled. This massive greatness of arrangement means to her strength.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she breathes. "If only he were alive, how different it would be! Germany would conquer all."

The words have hardly left her lips when we hear voices. A crowd of children is gathering just below. School is out, and they are surrounding an object of interest. One or two women join them. There is no passing populace to swell the throng. We approach and see in the centre of the crowd of children a woman crouched upon a bench. She is dirty, ragged, and dark in coloring. She may be Armenian or Italian. On the ground at her feet is a baby just big enough to walk. It also is dirty, and possesses only one ragged garment. The mother sits listless, gazing at her child. It is evident she is soon to be a mother again. There is great chattering among the children. I turn to my companion for explanation.

"The woman wants to sell her child. She says she hasn't anything to eat. She isn't a German mother. Of course, no German mother would do such a thing. You can see she isn't good. She is going to have another baby."

A school-child gives the toddling baby some cherries. She eats them greedily. My hand goes to my pocket-book, but my companion pulls me away. If I bought the baby, what could I do with her on a trip through Germany?

Then my eye rests on the Bismarck Denkmal. I gaze at that massive, methodical, stolid war god at whose feet this human tragedy is being enacted. Rage seizes me, and a brilliant and crazy idea comes. Why not blow up the military Denkmals as a way of freeing Germany from the war bug? The Allies are stupidly making women and children suffer, while the military class and militarism flourish. What is wanted is a bomb for each Bismarckian and royal Denkmal.

From the Denkmal we go to the residential quarter. We try to get a taxi, but there is none. I saw just three during that day. It has grown to be tea-time. After a short walk, we enter a popular café. Here at last is a large group of people. There are many well-dressed women, retired officers or officers home on leave, and some slightly wounded soldiers. The tables in the big building or scattered about on the sidewalk are all occupied. A band is playing gay music. On the surface all looks well. But a line of Whitman flashes through my mind:—

"Smartly attired, countenance smiling, form upright,
death under the breast-bones, hell under the skull-bones."

There is no chatter, no laughter, no smiles. The faces are lined with sadness. Except among the women, there is no youth. All are shrunken, listless, distraught. Coffee "Ersatz" (coffee and a substitute) and tea "Ersatz" is being served. There is no milk and no sugar. The few cakes are made of an unknown substance. I try one, but cannot swallow it. Only the music is cheerful. There is a revival of band-playing in Germany. It is needed to hide the lack of laughter and talk.

There are but two topics of conversation—war and food shortage. There is nothing else to discuss, for there is little business, no trade, no reforms, no scientific discoveries, no creative work. Life has become mere existence—a prison existence. Mind and bodies are shrinking from a shortage of intellectual and physical nourishment.

This first day in Germany is the worst. Fresh from

war-free countries, the impression is vivid. After a little I become adjusted. All who live in Germany get adjusted. The changes have come gradually. One month sugar stops. When this is an old story, then one must learn to do without milk. Herr Smyth fails one week, and Herr Bauer weeks later. This slow decline blinds Germany to what is really occurring. But the total, seen by a stranger, is appalling.

Across the street from the café is a little circular space with benches. On a bench is seated a tragic, well-dressed mother in deep mourning. Her child plays beside her, innocently happy. He climbs up and down, and finally knocks a paper bag from the bench. A roll tumbles into the dust and darts under the bench, covering itself with dirt. The mother picks it up, carefully brushes it, and gives it to the child, who eats eagerly. Everywhere are similar pathetic incidents.

My spirits sink lower and lower. "Look here," I say firmly to my companion, "I've got to have a square meal. We are going to the best and most expensive hotel in town."

That evening we dine at the Atlantic, and have a meal that is satisfying. By a skilful use of wine, salt, and some stray scraps of fat, the *table d'hôte* dinner is equal to that of a second-rate American hotel. The slice of meat served is no bigger than my hand, brown and juiceless, but the soup, fish, vegetables, and dessert would pass muster anywhere.

It seems cruel to eat of Germany's best, but henceforth I decided to live at the most expensive hotels.

That night a picture flashed before me. It is the vision of a big unoccupied building. In large black letters upon its front is the inscription: "English Reform Church," and in its gaping windows are plastered, printed signs reading: "Zu vermieten" (To Let). No wonder God's buildings are to let. God, the Spirit of Love, must have difficulty finding any place to rest these days.

Next morning my companion and I separate. She starts for Switzerland, and I for Berlin. My inability to speak German is disconcerting. I manage to get on the train, but in the dining-car I am helpless. I content myself with tea, bread, and cheese, the only words I know. In the compartment with me is an attractive young woman and her husband. They offer me magazines and papers. I summon up courage to say: "Ich kann nicht Deutsch sprechen," and show them my credentials. The young woman is immediately interested. She speaks to me in excellent English.

In May, 1915, I spent ten days in Berlin. Then English could not be spoken with comfort. Flushed faces and angry looks were the result. To-day English is tolerated. Occasionally, eyes follow me questioning; the official class resent it, but the people are always friendly. A year ago there was bitter hatred of America. "American bullets" were flung in one's face everywhere. To-day the average person is pathetically eager to be friends. Slowly the people are awakening. For months the newspapers have fed them on the triumphs of Germany and the perfidy of other nations. But these stories of glorious German victories have resulted in—what? A lean and barren country, undernourishment, death, the hatred of other nations. The people begin to doubt their leaders.

To call these people "barbarous" is an outrage. They are like ourselves, just folks, kindly and generous; deceived and brow-beaten by a ruthless military group.

The young woman in the railway carriage belongs to the well-to-do bourgeoisie. She is eager to talk. "Why," she asks, "does the world think we're beaten when we have soldiers in Belgium and France?" Often this question is asked.

Boasting no longer exists. Instead comes the plaintive query: "Why are we beaten, and why must we suffer?"

We gaze out of the window as the train speeds on. We pass great stretches of desolate, barren, juiceless land. It is sandy and difficult to cultivate. It is the worst portion of Germany. A tear is in my companion's eye. "We have got to have food," she avers, and then a moment later: "Oh! why can't we have peace?" If

the German and English soldiers in the trenches and the civil population of Germany had their say, there would be peace to-morrow.

It is early afternoon when we reach Berlin. I leave the train slowly. When I reach the station entrance the taxis and carriages are all taken. An aged porter with a push-cart volunteers to conduct me to the Adlon. It is Sunday. I follow the push-cart through the silent streets, but as we pass the Thiergarten a great throng of people is visible. They flow in and out about the Hindenburg Denkmal. That figure is made of wood and covered with nails. You pay a small sum, and hammer in a nail. In this manner patriotism and Hindenburg devotion are inculcated, and the Government gets the money.

If ever there were a systematic smashing of Denkmals, it would create a busy day for Berlin. There are so many of them. The Thiergarten Strasse is lined with ugly monstrosities of royalty. Many figures are portraits of English nobility who intermarried with Germans. Evidently, whatever comes to Germany becomes German, for all are decorated with wreaths and flowers.

But the Sunday crowd that moves about the Thiergarten is not happy. As in Hamburg and elsewhere, the men are old or very young, except for the sprinkling of lean, pale, nerve-racked soldiers.

But Berlin has more life than Hamburg.

It is the busiest spot in Germany. It and the munition districts are the centres of activity. Berlin is more active than it was a year ago. Then action seemed suspended. The city was crowded, but idle. The populace was too tense, excited, and grim to work. It moved restlessly upon the streets, waiting a glorious victory. The future was ignored. A long war was not dreamt of. There was a shortage of fodder, so thousands of cows were killed. This lack of foresight meant in time a shortage of milk and butter.

Germany was too sure of triumph to think in terms of years. But now conditions have changed. The assurance and arrogance have vanished. In their place is a dull resignation. All life is centred on mere existence. The wounded who have come back have gone to work. Waggon carrying supplies and old patched taxis returned from the front move upon the streets. The necessities of life must be had. Berlin, the seat of government, must secure them.

So on the surface there is bustle and action, and life somewhat resembles the normal. But it is a queer, limited, down-at-the-heel activity. People are upon the streets, but the stores are nearly empty. There is a shortage of things to buy. The very rich still purchase, but cheap things are only to be had with Government cards.

That is the tragedy of Germany—the sore spot that festers. The pinch has come, and the rich protect themselves at the expense of the poor.

At the Adlon and other great hotels one suffers little. There is no sugar, but saccharine is served, saccharine which ordinarily can only be had by a doctor's order. It is true the allowance of meat, bread, and butter per person is the same. At the Adlon, butter is furnished on Tuesday and Friday, the two meatless days. For breakfast one received a pat no larger than a big strawberry, and that is all. But the meat problem hardly touches the rich. Chickens, ducks, and birds are not called meat. They are to be had at high prices. On meatless days they are always served at the Adlon. The fat from these birds to an extent makes up for the lack of butter. Moreover, the poor frequently have no money for meat or butter, and their allowance is purchased by the rich.

It is marvellous with what ingenuity the big hotels conceal deficiencies. That is why visitors and reporters fail to see the underlying truth.

Duck is served the night of my arrival. The *table d'hôte* dinner is \$1.75. I eat every scrap. It is not enough for a hungry man, but for me it is satisfying. As I rise from the table I say to the waiter: "That is as good a dinner as I ever ate." He smiles broadly, greatly pleased.

But I go to bed tormented by the lean and shrunken people I have seen. It is foolish to starve out Germany. This procedure does not hurt the governing classes and the rich. They will not suffer until the rest of Germany is dead. Starvation kills off the poor, but leaves the militarists intact. This is not the way to crush militarism. It cannot be done by pressure from the outside. Regeneration always comes from within. Revolution or evolution—not smashing—is what is needed.

August, 1916.

[Miss Doty's next article will deal with "Berlin and the Food Riots."]

Communications.

GOLD IN WAR AND AFTER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The "Economist" of November 11th contained an article under the above heading. It quoted the interesting statement that bankers in New York are advising caution, "fearing that large gold imports may cause dangerous inflation; hence they are arranging foreign loans to restrain foreign demands for the return of gold when peace comes."

The question may be asked why those bankers fear that large gold imports may cause dangerous inflation. The answer is simple. It is because American bankers are permitted by law to inflate and use their credit as loans and other demand calls to five times the amount in terms of money of the gold they hold. Every sovereign, or equivalent gold, which we have sent to the States is now therefore doing duty for, roughly speaking, £5 in credit. Every sovereign we may yet send will do likewise. This inflated credit takes its place on the one hand as loans borrowed from banks by traders and therefore debts owing to the banks, and, on the other hand, as deposits made by traders and therefore debts owing by the banks. We have, amongst other belligerents, greatly benefited by the vast proportions attained already by this inflation, seeing that by its means have been financed the prodigious and necessary supplies of war munitions and equipment without which our present predicament would have been infinitely worse. We should have had nothing to fear from such an inflation of credit and more reason to be thankful for it if we had been using the time of its development as a period in which assiduously to create Imperial self-dependence against the day when a halt must be called to the inflation either by law, by virtue of its sheer magnitude, or by diplomacy in either finance or politics. There are those who think (dare I say those who know?) that such a halt must be called in no long time. It is even possible to specify that time more particularly, but it is the business of those in a position to apply the facts to do this. One imagines they are very busy, indeed, in furthering that supremely important Imperial self-dependence which ought to be attained in a period so comparatively brief. There are not many "outward and visible signs" of the gigantic measures involved, but when the great work can begin the whole world ought to know it. Nothing would be more terrifying to the enemy than the spectacle of the British Empire, made attractive to not only its present but also to its past citizens by a new application of British credit, engaged in accelerating self-dependence in the prosecution of the war to overwhelming victory; and in the interval merely marking time at the front rather than sacrificing thousands of men in the recapture of a few yards of lost territory. Unless the blockade is made effective by a full and complete recognition of the fact that finance can affect the blockade, this is our only hope of real victory.

In the quotation above it is not so much the "gold imports" that the American bankers fear as the "dangerous inflation." As fast as the gold arrives, five times its amount in inflation goes on. That is what they are afraid of. And why! oh why! will we not see the blood-red light it holds aloft for us?

The second part of the quotation is not so much our immediate concern as that it sheds a light upon the future, the rays of which may fall upon us. As sure as night—

sometimes dark night—follows day, there will be "foreign demands for the return of gold when peace comes" and either the consequent withdrawal or contraction of credit to the extent of five times at least of the gold withdrawn, or the foreign demand made to go short, with all the consequences. This applies to the gold already in the States, whatever may be done to keep more from arriving there. The "needs" of the nations who would make those "foreign demands" I may not elucidate. If we would but adopt a whole-hearted policy of speedy Imperial self-dependence we need not trouble to realize the picture: those who are averse from such a policy must surely be incapable of realizing it—a deplorable lack of imagination in any such "having authority" in times like these.

As to the question whether American bankers do or do not want more gold, or that they now prefer to be paid in securities rather than in gold, let it be understood that if we and others sell securities in America they must be carried for a considerable time with banking credit before that banking credit is cancelled by cross transactions in the internal trade of the country; if we and others borrow demand loans on securities there, it is banking credit which we borrow; if we and others raise long-term loans there, this is equivalent to selling securities which for a considerable time cannot but be carried upon banking credit; finally, much of the past and all of the future supplies of war munitions and equipment, food and other necessities, to ourselves and others, require, despite all set-offs, an ever-increasing volume of banking credit. If the American bankers stop the arrival of gold they cannot expand the credit as the situation demands. If they do not stop it the "foreign demands" after the war will be the more insistent. Bankers may tremble. But make no mistake about President Wilson. He sees right through this situation, with clear eyes and a single purpose, the glory, prosperity, and aggrandizement of the United States. Unless we quickly cut this Gordian knot with a sword of Alexander, that is the prize for which the great war will have been fought, not for the freedom of all nations, but to the lasting misery of all the belligerents.

In "The People's Credit" I gave warning of the crisis that is not far distant, a warning that I fear is still unheeded, though the precious time slips by and we work like Swift's scientific Lilliputians, diligently, but oblivious of mighty things! The warning is contained in the two following quotations; the one is:—

"They (the people of the United States) have in reality, therefore, supplied Great Britain with goods paid for with their own credit, and also paid with their credit in advance for goods or other value that Great Britain will send to America in the future. Such a position is a great tribute to the value of British credit in the eyes of American financiers, it is a proof of abounding goodwill towards this country, it is a reason why America should not, in British interest, let loose its own dogs of war, it is a reason why Germany is tempted to bait America into becoming a belligerent, even against herself, and it is a reason why certain American financiers should, in German opinion, be shot. How vital is it, therefore, that Great Britain through her own resources and those of her Colonies should become self-supplying, lest America should become unavoidably entangled in the strife, or 'fed up' with responsibilities based on British credit."

The other is:—

"But we cannot intelligently expect to base our safety for any long period on a policy of borrowing from America the wherewithal to pay America for goods supplied by America. Our Imperial area is a more secure foundation and fully capable of furnishing our supplies if we remove the credit monopoly which constitutes an artificial check on home and colonial development. If the war should last so long that too much British credit for other countries to accept has to be offered, it will go hard with us if we are not able to supply ourselves from the resources of the Empire itself with everything we need."

The Industrial Loans Bill drawn to incorporate the advocated change in our credit system ought to be adopted without delay. It would revitalize the empire, render it attractive to consanguineous workers wherever located, raise men to occasions, women to inspiring influences, provide means to gratify high resolve, and fire ambition in the lax to

"Be not like dumb, driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife."

—Yours, &c.,

OSWALD STOLL.

Letters to the Editor.

"A BREAK IN THE CLOUDS?"

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Out of the catastrophe which for two years has been devastating Europe, accompanied always by a growing torrent of recrimination, accusation, abuse, distrust, fear, one genuinely hopeful idea is born—the League of Nations. Statesmen and the Press of each country have fed their peoples with destructive ideas in such abundance as to endanger even our sanity. The orgy of destruction threatens to overwhelm, not merely the armies on the Continent and those who have provoked Europe to war, but even liberty and democracy at home and our very conception of Liberalism in relation to foreign nationalities. To-day, a few statesmen and a few journals have spoken of a constructive idea. They have suggested how, now that the immediate danger of Prussian militarism has been averted by arms, the good things we hope for out of this war may be achieved by building up a liberal international policy to which all nations are parties. America, then England, and now Germany have accepted the principle of the League of Nations.

But the Press meets this—by far the most important declaration the German Chancellor has made—with shouts for more destruction, heavier punishment. And what are we to think when a paper—once Liberal—in a leading article scornfully repudiates the Chancellor's declaration, attributing to it only baser motives, and denying Germany any place in the League of Nations?

How many of these journalists have ever examined the proposal with sufficient thought and sufficient sympathy to discover that the fundamental conception of the League of Nations is the protection of the signatories against aggression by one of them, not against aggression by an outsider? Article 3 of the American proposal says:—

"The signatory Powers shall jointly use forthwith both their economic and military forces against any one of their number that goes to war, or commits acts of hostility against another of the signatories before any question arising shall be submitted as provided in the foregoing." (The previous articles, 1 and 2, provide for the submission of questions to arbitration or conciliation).

But it is argued that Germany has been so wicked in the past, she has torn up treaties, massacred Belgians, broken all the Hague conventions, sunk the "Lusitania," carried off French civilians into slavery, that she must not be allowed to join the League of Nations. Why not? The argument is the reverse. She must be allowed to join. More than that, no effort must be spared to bring her in, for then if it is her aggression we fear, we should know that she would have the whole force of the League of Nations against her, just as other countries would if they were the aggressors.

Now what is the fact of supreme significance in the Chancellor's speech? Surely, it is that Germany definitely is willing to join such a League. To attain this object, at any rate, no further effort of ours is necessary—our armies have fought long enough, and have won.

The war situation that we have so far reached is this: German aggression has definitely been defeated—the danger from that has gone. This we have achieved. We now have to achieve the security of Europe in the future. A definite, concrete proposal of the League of Nations has been made, and, still more important, it has been accepted in principle by Germany. Now, we in England are faced with this great and solemn responsibility. Are we, with our Press, to ruin or stultify this idea at its very inception, to allow it to be dragged into the general destruction, or are we honestly to test its worth—to see whether through it we cannot find a real solution?

May I be permitted to appeal to those who so lightly set aside the Chancellor's utterance—first, to read what the American proposal is; secondly, to study it with earnest sympathy, with clear thought, and with—if possible—some belief in the wider meaning of Liberalism, bearing in mind the vast forces of destruction let loose over Europe, and so difficult to check, the losses which each day's continuation of the war involves, and the crying need of humanity for some hopeful solution; thirdly, until they have so studied it, to

write nothing more which is directed to destroy the first really hopeful international idea to have taken concrete shape out of the war, which thwarts the growth of a wider and more generous attitude towards international relationships, and which is likely to bring the true English sense of fair play into contempt and ridicule?—Yours, &c.,

R. E.

November 21st, 1916

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is becoming clear that the tendency of German policy is more and more towards the left. The Chancellor, since the beginning, in the early months of this year, of the bitter attacks of the Conservative "Fronde," has been driven, to an ever-increasing extent, to rely for support on the Progressives and the Socialists; and it is noteworthy that the two most important declarations in his recent speech, the disavowal of annexationist intentions in Belgium and the promise of German support for the League of Nations, were the very points which the Socialist Press had for weeks been urging him to deal with. And it is clear that this "new orientation" of German policy towards the Left involves a serious facing of the question of peace. Partly the trend of military events, and partly perhaps the cogent reasoning of an empty stomach, have turned the thoughts of the enormous mass of the German people in the direction of peace. With whatever aims Germany went into the war—and it should not be forgotten that the people have always been made to believe that the war was a war of defence—the cry of "durchhauen" has given place to the cry of "durchhalten," the frenzied enthusiasm of the early days has been replaced by a sombre determination to "hold out" against the imagined aggressions of the Allies.

One would have expected that on our part every effort would have been made to encourage the growth of a new and pacifist Liberalism in Germany. Yet, in England at least, we seem determined to do everything in our power to play into the hands of the militarists. Violently though the German people disagree about the aims of the war, the whole nation is absolutely united by the fear of outside interference in their internal politics. The Junkers, already discredited and hard put to it to keep up war enthusiasm, make cunning use of the more violent part of the English Conservative press. Papers of other shades of political opinion are of little use to the propagandist; though it is true that a few of the more extreme Socialist and Nationalist papers are sometimes cut for complaints against the tyranny of the English in Ireland and the despotism of the military in England. But the enormous majority of news cuttings are taken from the fiercest leaders that can be found in Conservative dailies, weeklies, and reviews. "Representative press opinion" on the Lloyd George interview, for instance, was carefully chosen to show that the whole nation was determined that Germany should be finally "knocked out." Since it is the aim of the propagandists to represent England as a blood-thirsty ogre who must be resisted at all costs, cuttings from the Moderate papers, such as THE NATION, the "Manchester Guardian," and the "Westminster Gazette," are few in number; and such extracts as are taken appear generally in the pacifist press, which hails with a perfectly sincere sigh of gratitude the sound of "vernünftigen Stimmen aus England."

Little, then, is done in this country to support the German pacifists, who should be our allies in the fight against militarism; and it is surely time that some steps were taken to counteract the effects of Junker propaganda. If it is impossible to silence the "Jusqu'aboutistes" in this country, it would at least be possible, by stating our terms, to minimize the harm they do. I have no idea what terms would content the Allies; but I cannot bring myself to believe that we shall demand, for instance, the perpetual banishment of the Hohenzollerns to St. Helena. Yet almost anything short of this would definitely aid the peace movement in Germany. The announcement of the biggest newspaper proprietor in England that the war must go on till the Kaiser is brought prisoner to London, has been used as the "semi-official" announcement of the sinister determination of the British people and their Government. The "intolerable threat" has appeared throughout the whole of the bellicose press of Germany with the same monotonous

repetition of the "crimes" of the "Baralong" and the "King Stephen."

In conclusion, may I add that I do not wish to be misunderstood as desiring to "be kind to Germany"? Those who have destroyed the ordered law of nations, and the covenants by which the peoples live, must learn that the offender shall not sin and go scatheless. I wish only to urge that it is time we stopped playing into the hands of the Junkers; and that the only way to put an end to a type of propaganda which serves only to lengthen the war, is for the Governments of the Allies solemnly to declare their peace terms, be these what they may.—Yours, &c.,

R. B. R.

London, W. November 23rd, 1916.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The American and British societies which have drafted two similar schemes for the constitution of a League of Nations have taken the only possible course by devising a definite and moderate plan round which public opinion may rally. As an outline sketch there could hardly be a better starting-point. But I would like to second (though from a different standpoint) the able plea of Mr. Pethick Lawrence, that these two outlines, good and useful as they are, ought not even yet to be treated as the final draft of what unofficial opinion demands. It is, I think, rather more than its authors realize, a product of the British and American mind, and we must be prepared for some modification of it when Continental thought has been brought to bear upon it. I have seen no detailed Continental criticisms, but if it is at all useful to make a guess, one might anticipate the raising of two points.

(1) I am sure that the two schemes are right in insisting that the League must contemplate the use of force in the last resort to ensure recourse to conciliation or arbitration in all disputes, and if it contemplates it, it must prepare for it. To leave this vague would merely mean that all the Powers would be driven, as the only alternative, to strive for security by the delusive, traditional methods of hostile alliances and competitive armaments. But the scheme seems to me in one respect to require too much and in another to provide too little. Is it really conceivable that all the States which would wish to adhere will take an unlimited and general pledge to back the League in every emergency with arms? Should we really be prepared to join Germany in coercing France by arms, if she were the offender? Would Austria join Italy in coercing Germany? Again, do we expect the little neutrals to assume all the duties of a Great Power? Are Denmark and Holland to promise to join at once in case of need in the possible coercion of Germany, or Sweden and Roumania in the possible coercion of Russia? To what extent do we expect the aid of any given Power? Are we going to call Japan and Argentina, for example, to take an unlimited share in a possible Continental war conducted by the League? We might exclude the small States who would shrink from these heavy obligations, but in that case the League would mean merely the dictatorship of the Great Powers, and it would miss the balancing voices of the neutrals in its counsels. The pledge, it seems to me, must be more elastic than these model drafts contemplate. Member-States, while all agreeing to support the League, must be able to do so, *subject to the specific obligations into which each of them may freely enter*. This would be unworkable unless the League develops a Central Executive as well as a court and a council—at least in the sense of a permanent committee of ambassadors sitting for rapid deliberation in an agreed centre. The British and American view is too little alive to the terrific risks which a general pledge would impose on Continental States.

(2) Britain and America are satisfied Powers. We have no unredeemed kinsmen, no lost provinces, no crying need for expansion. There results a tendency to think of peace as something static, and to underestimate the real needs for change in the world which make for war. So it comes about that while both schemes pledge the League to take coercive action to prevent the outbreak of war without a recourse to peaceful means of settlement, neither plan includes any provision by which even in the grossest cases, these peaceful means may be made effective. Is it really intended that if

a bully is hypocrite enough to go to law, and then rejects the award of the court or the advice of the council, he may thereafter work his will on a weak and innocent adversary while the League looks on indifferent? It would, I am sure, be unwise to pledge the League to enforce awards or recommendations. But it certainly ought to contemplate cases in which it would have to take action. Once more it seems necessary to create an Executive and to charge this Executive with the duty of deliberating on what action, if any, is required, when war is likely to result through the failure of a disputant to accept an award or recommendation. Short of war, economic coercion may be applied, though it would be apt to lead to war. Most vital of all is, I think, that all Powers should enter into a declaration by which they repudiate any existing or future obligation to assist an ally who has gone to war without observing the procedure of the League, or has become involved in war through his failure to accept or execute an award or recommendation of a court or council of the League.

The objection to enforcing the recommendations of a Council of Conciliation, even if this enforcement be optional and not obligatory, is of course, as Mr. Pethick Lawrence pointed out, that if the members of a Council felt that its report might involve their own country in war, they would tend to make a compromising recommendation, and ideal justice would be unobtainable. In some measure, this is clearly true. But do we want ideal justice? Ideal justice would wreck any society which practised it. If the Council suggested deliberately the kind of settlement which would not be likely to lead to war, the kind of settlement which each party would really be likely to accept, a settlement so moderate and reasonable that in the last resort it might be enforced, where would be the loss? That is better than abstract justice.

Is there no alternative sanction to direct coercion? Though the League must undoubtedly be prepared to coerce, there is a grave risk that if it thinks continually in terms of force, it will drift itself into tyranny, and fail to win the loyalty of nations. The alternative (not an exclusive alternative) is that it should aim at winning and keeping adherents by the advantages it conveys—that nations should join it for the positive good it offers. There must clearly be certain elementary economic privileges—e.g., a most favored nation clause in home markets, free trade (or tariffs for revenue only) in non-self-governing colonies, some organic regulated development of the co-operation of exported capital in such areas as China, and some guarantee (through an international commission) against oppressive monopolies of raw materials. No honest friend of peace will oppose this programme, for no mind which thinks at all can suppose that we can combine "the war after peace" with a League of Nations. But if we go so far, why not use these advantages—immense, concrete, tangible advantages—to hold the League together? Let the Executive (subject to due safeguards and rights of appeal) have the power to expel a disloyal Member-State, and let expulsion involve the loss of these privileges. With such a sanction the League would rarely, if ever, require to use force. No civilized nation could afford to stay outside it, and to step outside or to challenge expulsion would mean economic suicide.—Yours, &c.,

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Welwyn, Herts. November 22nd, 1916.

THE CASE OF STEPHEN HOBHOUSE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I again point out the cruel absurdities in which we have been landed by a Government which, being composed influentially of professional lawyers, makes all the blunders in legislation that a legal education is supposed to guard against?

First, our legislators create a new crime. Then, instead of enacting a penalty for its breach, they hand the criminal over to the military so that he may be physically coerced into compliance with the law, an unprecedented proceeding of which a committee of bargees would, I hope, be intellectually ashamed. A few sensible and well-instructed officers decline to have this schoolboy ruffianism imposed on their honorable profession, and return the offender for proper judicial treatment by the proper authority. Others,

as thoughtless as the legislators themselves, proceed to kick, spit at, bully, strip, starve, straitwaistcoat, and otherwise torture the offenders into compliance with the law, which was precisely what the Government must have meant them to do, if it took the trouble to mean anything. The Government then sacrifices the officers to outraged public opinion, notably superseding and virtually cashiering a particularly zealous colonel, denounced to the press by a Conscientious Objector who managed to smuggle a note out of cells. The officers are naturally furious. They drop the business of physical coercion, and take on themselves the powers of an ordinary criminal court of summary jurisdiction, dealing out sentences of imprisonment as if they were ordinary magistrates. Thus the mere force of facts and human nature produces a rough substitute for the legal and orderly state of things which the Government should have carefully instituted.

What are the objections to this substitute? It wastes the time of the Army and makes it odious at the very moment when it is vitally important that it should not spend a moment on anything but military efficiency, and should enjoy the maximum of popularity. It is set down to try cases in which it cannot possibly be, or even pretend to be, impartial. A man like Stephen Hobhouse says to them and to their German adversaries alike: "Sirs, ye are brothers: wherefore do ye wrong one to another?" He is their accuser; and instead of being put on their defence, they are appointed to try him, and given powers to suppress and imprison him. There is no precedent for this. The Conscientious Objector to vaccination, in the worst days of the Jennerian persecution, was at least not tried by the General Medical Council. When Dr. Clifford refused to pay rates to support Church schools he was not summoned before Convocation. In high treason cases, it is true, the arraigned State is judge, jury, and executioner; but, pending the establishment of supernational courts, there is no alternative. In this case of military service there is an alternative; and its denial is the greater scandal, because it has been apparent throughout this war that the Army is nervously determined to assert and maintain its supremacy in war-time by disregarding Ministerial pledges, and treating civilian clauses in Acts of Parliament as scraps of paper on principle, even when their observance and enforcement would do no harm. The peculiarity of Mr. Stephen Hobhouse's case is that he is the Conscientious Objector *par excellence*, perhaps the one case the war has produced in which the genuineness of the objection is visible to all Europe, and unquestionable by even the most Hutterified quibbler to whom every footstep at night is that of a Pomeranian grenadier. If Mr. Hobhouse is imprisoned for a single hour, the law is broken and the good faith of the Government discredited. And this is just why the military authorities feel it to be essential that they should take him, above all others, and larn him, and incidentally larn Mr. Asquith, to be a toad.

It is nothing to the point that a civil tribunal might have behaved worse than the military one, without its excuse. I am calling attention to a gross constitutional abuse, not pleading for Mr. Stephen Hobhouse, whose war record, as Mr. Cottrell pointed out in your columns last week, and as many of us knew well before that, is an honor to his country.—Yours, &c.,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

November 23rd, 1916.

A PARALLEL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—

"This nation at war is an army; it must be looked upon as an army; it must be organized like an army; it must be directed like an army; and ought to be national, and provided and supplied like an army."

So Mr. Churchill on November 16th. Was he thinking of a speech made by a leading Frenchman in 1793?—

"From this moment until that in which every enemy shall have been driven out of the territories of the Republic, every Frenchman is permanently under requisition for services with the armies. The young men will go out and fight, the married men will manufacture the weapons and transport stores; the women will make tents and clothing, and nurse in the hospitals; the children will scrape lint from old linen; the aged will betake themselves to the

public squares, there to raise the courage of the warriors, and preach hatred against kings and the unity of the Republic. The levy will be a general levy; unmarried citizens and childless widowers between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five will be the first to march."

But the circumstances were different then. The enemy was on the soil of France; the Committee of Public Safety was incarnating the Terror; and the speaker was Barère.—Yours, &c.,

A READER OF HISTORY.

November 22nd, 1916.

MR. WATTS-DUNTON AND MR. WATSON.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—An article on "The Life and Letters of Theodore Watts-Dunton," in last week's NATION, contains the following sentence: "Some time ago Mr. William Watson generously said that all he knew about poetry he had learned from Watts-Dunton's articles in the 'Athenæum.'"

It is always pleasant to be credited with generosity, but if your reviewer had written: "Some time ago Mr. William Watson generously said that all he knew about President Wilson's politics he had learned from the Psalms commonly attributed to King David," I should have read the statement with scarcely greater surprise. As a matter of fact, it would be difficult for me to exaggerate the smallness of my knowledge of Watts-Dunton's contributions to the "Athenæum," and during the years when he and that influential paper were understood to be most closely associated, I seldom made acquaintance with the views on poetry so ably expressed in its columns without finding them far too much colored with the aesthetics of the then reigning school to be views in which I could concur. When, at a somewhat later period, I used to meet him from time to time in London, our ways of looking at poetic art were apt to differ so widely, not to say fundamentally, that both of us, if I am not mistaken, found it more agreeable to converse on any other subject. I happen for certain reasons to recall quite vividly my first and last meeting with him. The first, which must have been nearly thirty years ago, was at the dinner-table of a neighbor of his in Putney, a gentleman much welcomed in literary society, and happily still living; and I remember that on that occasion Watts-Dunton and I clashed vehemently in our estimates of Shelley. Our last meeting, many years afterwards, took place under a well-known publisher's roof—the publisher being Mr. John Lane—who tells me that he has a very amusing recollection (it is evidently also a very circumstantial one) of the almost dangerously heated atmosphere generated by the collision of Watts-Dunton's literary opinions and my own.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM WATSON.

November 22nd, 1916.

[We are compelled to postpone several letters until next week, among them a reply to his critics from Dr. Horton.—Ed., THE NATION.]

Poetry.

DOMIDUCA.

A WARM fire in the grate,
If the hour be late;
A companion by the fire
For thy desire.

White bread on thy board;
Let thy land afford
Lettuces green and sweet,
Apples to eat.

Stars without in the night,
Within, candlelight;
Outdoors a starlit walk,
Within, quiet talk.

So I invoke for thee,
That such thy home-coming be,
Domiduca, and pray
Her to guard thee always.

M. ST. C. BYRNE.

The World of Books

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "My Russian and Turkish Journals." By the Dowager Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Church and Reform in Scotland: A History from 1797 to 1843." By W. L. Matheson. (Maclehose. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Germany in Defeat (Third Phase)." By Count Charles de Souza. (Kegan Paul. 6s. net.)
 "Charles Frohman: Manager and Man." By I. F. Marcossion and D. Frohman. (Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)
 "The Soul of Dickens." By W. Walter Gotch. (Chapman & Hall. 6s. net.)
 "Further Pages of My Life." By the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter. (Williams & Norgate. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Italy in the War." By Sidney Low. (Longmans. 6s. net.)
 "Retgression, and Other Poems." By William Watson. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "Collected Poems." By William H. Davies. (Fifield. 6s. net.)
 "Martin Rivas." By Alberto Blest-Gana. Translated by Mrs. Charles Whitham. (Chapman & Hall. 6s. net.)

ONE of the most entertaining of the many books written by Barbey d'Aurévilly—does anybody read him to-day?—bears the title, "A Côté de la Grande Histoire." Now that history is struggling to become a branch of science, one turns all the more readily to the historical bypaths, and Mr. Tighe Hopkins's "The Romance of Escapes," published a few weeks ago by Mr. Murray, conducts the reader along one of the pleasantest of them. It is a book to which those who share one of my own predilections will turn with eagerness, nor need they fear to be disappointed with Mr. Hopkins's fare. For one thing, he is steeped in his subject. He has at his fingers' ends, not merely the best, but practically everything, that has been said or thought in the world about the art of prison-breaking, and I should be very sorry to be the warder who had to guard Mr. Hopkins. To these qualities he adds the salt of enthusiasm. The feats of his adventurers are told with the proper gusto. Anybody who cannot do this had better not meddle with the subject of escapes. It is, I know, a topic in which some people feel but a languid interest. But those who are stirred by the thrill of romance that belongs to it will recognize in Mr. Hopkins a brother of the band. "The Romance of Escapes" is, I maintain with confidence, a book that Stevenson would have read with relish.

I HAVE but one quarrel with Mr. Hopkins, and I produce it with some diffidence. Mr. Hopkins refuses to credit the details of Casanova's escape from the Piombi prison in Venice. He acknowledges—as who must not?—that Casanova has written an inimitable tale. But, seduced by Dr. Guède, a learned French writer on Casanova, he dismisses some of the most exciting parts of the narrative as mere fiction. I admit that even while Casanova lived there were those who listened to his tale with incredulity. That he did escape, is attested by many witnesses, and has never been denied by anybody. That he escaped in the way he says he did, is another matter, and I regret to find Mr. Hopkins among the sceptics. M. Charles Samaran, another distinguished French Casanovist, who had read Dr. Guède's examination of the evidence, accepts Casanova's account, and Signor Ancona, the scholarly historian of Italian literature, after a survey of the many books and theories that the controversy has produced, comes almost to the same view. There are, therefore, grounds for holding that the whole episode is one in which fact has been more amazing than fiction. I will continue to read the description of the prison, the account of the prisoner's sufferings, the portraits of his fellow-prisoners and their jailer, the slowly ripening projects of escape, the laborious manufacture of the tools, the disheartening removal of Casanova from one cell to another when all seemed ready, the boring of the hole in the roof, and the moonlight journey in company with Father Balbi over the slippery leads of the palace, with the conviction that I am reading about things that really happened.

FAMOUS escapes in fiction are not so numerous but that,

as Dr. Johnson said of the evidence for the immortality of the soul, "we should like more." A rusty nail that by some ingenuity could be made to serve the double purpose of a dagger and a crowbar, has formed part of the furniture of quite a number of dungeons, at least in novels. The trouble is that when the hero finds the nail, he so often displays a lack of originality. Indeed, considering the prevalence in fiction of what a professor of literature would call the escape-motive, it is surprising that so few escapes can claim classic rank. Tom Jones had a chance to show his mettle when he was arrested for his duel with Fitzpatrick, but he was released through the prosaic intervention of a surgeon and a nobleman. Peregrine Pickle, too, enjoyed the hospitality of the Bastille, but instead of emulating Latude, he communicated with the British Ambassador. Had that ambassador been less energetic, Mr. Pickle was just the man to add another to the list of famous escapes.

For escapes, as for romantic incidents of all sorts, we turn with confidence to Alexandre Dumas. We owe two of the best in the whole range of fiction to that great quadroom. What praise can be too high for the way the story of the escape is told in "The Count of Monte Cristo"? Here is Stevenson's opinion of the section of the book in which that episode is enshrined:—

"The early part of 'Monte Cristo,' down to the finding of the treasure, is a piece of perfect story-telling; the man never breathed who shared these moving incidents without a tremor; and yet Faria is a thing of packthread, and Dantes little more than a name. The sequel is one long-drawn error—gloomy, bloody, unnatural, and dull; but as for these early chapters, I do not believe there is another volume extant where you can breathe the same unmingled atmosphere of romance."

THIS is higher praise than Dumas himself gave to the book. One day, towards the end of his life, he was found reading "The Count of Monte Cristo." "What do you think of it?" he was asked. "Oh, not bad," was his answer, "but not nearly so good as that"—pointing to a copy of "The Three Musketeers," which lay on an adjoining table.

DUMAS's other classic escape—and I am not sure that it is not the better of the two—is that one of the Duke of Beaufort's forty methods which is employed in "Twenty Years After." Here all the incidents, from the appearance of the silent Grimaud as the Duke's attendant, to the famous dinner with the jailer, keep the reader on the stretch. And with what neatness the Duke produces his effects! La Ramée begs to be told of one of the Duke's forty methods. The Duke allows himself to be persuaded. He has to communicate with friends. That can be done by sending tennis balls into the moat, and having them thrown back. To descend the ramparts a rope ladder is needed:—

"Yes—but," answered La Ramée, trying to laugh, "a rope ladder can't be sent round a ball, like a letter."

"No; but it can come in another way—in a pie, for instance," replied the Duke. "The guards are away. Grimaud is here alone; and Grimaud is the man whom a friend has sent to second me in everything. The moment for my escape is fixed—seven o'clock. Well—at a few minutes to seven—"

"At a few minutes to seven?" cried La Ramée, with cold sweat on his brow.

"At a few minutes to seven," returned the Duke (suiting action to the words), "I raise the crust of the pie. I find in it two poignards, a ladder of ropes, and a gag. I point one of the poignards at La Ramée's breast, and I say to him, 'My friend, I am sorry for it; but if you move, if you utter a cry, you are a dead man!'"

ENGLISH fiction, as far as I remember, has no account of an escape that can compare with either of these. The escape of Mary Queen of Scots from Lochleven is well told in "The Abbot," and ingenuity is shown by the way in which Wamba contrives to release Cedric the Saxon from Front-de-Bœuf's castle in "Ivanhoe." Wamba employed the method of substitution, the classic example of which is undoubtedly to be found in Sydney Carton's personation of Charles Darnay in "A Tale of Two Cities." Marryat has a good description of an escape in "Peter Simple," where Peter and Terence O'Brien get out of the fortress of Givet, and after four chapters of stirring incident arrive safely in England. But that escape, as Mr. Hopkins observes, is but a skilful adaptation of the real adventures of the Irish midshipman, Donat O'Brien.

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Reviews.

POETRY OF DEFEAT.

"Songs of Ukraina." Translated by FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY. (Dent. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Armenian Legends and Poems." Illustrated and Compiled by ZEBELLE C. BOYAJIAN (Dent. 21s. net.)

NATIONAL poetry is apparently the one thing that the great empires can never suppress. Cast your eye over the map of the Christian world from Armenia to Ireland, and you will see many races that have been beaten into subjection but scarcely one that has been beaten into silence. The nation goes on singing in defeat as many an old martyr used to sing in the flames. The nation that has lost the will to sing has lost the will to live. It is difficult for an English reader to tell whether the Ukraine is a nation or not—the "Encyclopædia Britannica" throws strangely little light on the matter—but the Ukrainians themselves, through their poets, say that she is, and we must take their word for it. "Beside a broad road, under a willow tree," writes Mr. Paul Crath, in an introduction to "Songs of Ukraina," "a blind lirinik beggar sits, singing a song of the vanished freedom," and he hears voices in the roaring cataracts of the Dnieper asking, "Where are the banners of the nations and the cannons of old?" In these poems we come on the traces of a forgotten and romantic kingdom, which, we dare swear, many an English Cabinet Minister could not point out on the map. It is easier to think of the map in terms of empires than of nations; and so the Ukrainians, though a numerous people, and a people of genius, are little known to popular geography and history. Here, as Professor Seignobos has written:—

"Is a people, one of the most numerous of Europe, and, nevertheless, one of the least known. They have not even an assured name. They are called Little Russians, to distinguish them from the mass of the Russian people—they are called Ukrainian because they inhabit the frontier between Poland and Russia; one of the branches (in Austrian Galicia) bears the name of Ruthenian. . . . In the nineteenth century, this oppressed people revealed to the world the puissance of its artistic gifts. The Ukrainians became the first singers of Europe; the celebrated Russian music is the music of the Ukraine, and it is an Ukrainian, Gogol, who has opened the way to the Russian Romances of Europe."

"The first singers of Europe" is a large claim, and we distrust such claims. Still, even if it is an exaggeration, it serves its purpose in making us turn with curiosity to the history and literature of the Ukrainian people.

We wish Miss Livesay had written an historical introduction to her exceedingly attractive little book. As it is, the English reader, though he will learn stray fragments of history from the notes, will have to go elsewhere to find an outline of the national history. He will be left wondering whether the Cossacks of the Ukraine—the Little Russians, as they are called—speak a national language or merely a dialect, and whether they ever possessed independent national institutions. From other sources we learn that Little Russia, though united to Lithuania, was to all intents and purposes autonomous till 1569, when, along with Lithuania, it came under Polish rule. Since that time its people have apparently, at one time or another, and in one place or another, been at variance with Turk and Tartar, with Pole and Russian, and even with Austrian. One of the most interesting poems in Miss Livesay's book records the defiant reply given by the Cossacks of Little Russia in 1600 to the Sultan, who had called on them to submit to him. Here is the latter's boastful summons:—

"I, Sultan, the son of Mohammed,
The grandson of the one God,
The brother of the Crescent,
And even of the Sun;
Knight, strong and great,
King of Kings,
Champion of all the world,
And Tzar of Tsars:
Tzar of Constantinople,
Tzar of Macedonia,
Greece, Serbia, Moldavia;
Tzar of Babylon, Podolia and Halych,
And glorious Krimea;
Tzar of Egypt, Arabia, Jerusalem,

The Keeper of the Tomb in Jerusalem,
And of your God;
I am the Sorrow and the Help
Of all Christian men—
I say to ye Cossacks,
Surrender!
Or expect no good from me."

This is jewelled boasting, but the answer of the Cossacks comes like the smashing of an idol:—

"Thou, Sultan, art the devil's son,
The grandson of Haspid himself,
And thou, a horned chort!

Thou art but a wretched inn-keeper
In Constantinople;
A Macedonian brewer,
Greek and Moldavian swine,
And Babylonian blacksmith;

Thou oppressor of Serbia and Podolia,
Crimean parrot, Egyptian swineherd;
Owl of Jerusalem!
No help of Christians art thou, but a fool;
No protector of our God.
Thou art not worthy to kiss us anywhere—
Nor worthy to hold our Zeporogie.

We shall fight thee,
By land and sea!
We do not fear thee,
Thou son of a dog!
Such is our answer!"

The poetry of the Ukrainians, one feels at times, is the poetry of an aggressive rather than an oppressed people. There is expressed in much of it a medieval delight in fighting for fighting's sake.

One would like to be told to what extent they have suffered from oppression at different periods. One would like to know whether the landlords of whose oppressions we read in some of the ballads were foreigners or native Ukrainians—Poles, we imagine, for the most part. However, they seem to have been monsters and merciless bullies, if many of them were like Pan Hanowsky, the "semi-historical" subject of one of the ballads in Miss Livesay's book:—

"He is once said to have met an old woman picking up fallen wood in his domain. He ordered her to climb a tree and call 'cuckoo!' When she did so, he fired at her and brought her to the ground. Another little habit of his was to stick a needle and thread in the lapel of his coat, and ask each peasant whom he met: 'Have you needle and thread?' (i.e., to mend your clothes.). If they said 'No,' as of course they did, he proceeded to beat them soundly for being improvident creatures."

In spite of oppressions of this kind, nothing servile appears to have crept into the poetry of the Ukrainians. They do not shirk tragedy, but they have the soldier-spirit in their songs as in that beginning:—

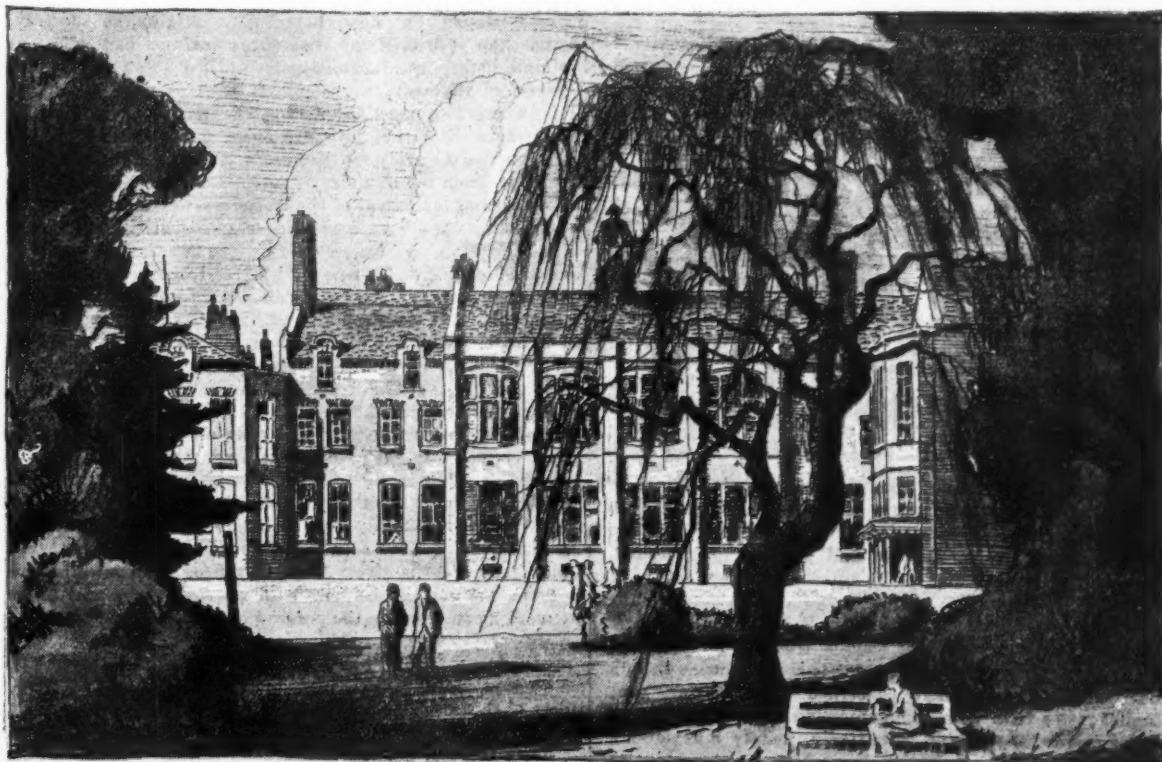
"Along the hills lies the snow,
But the streams they melt and flow;
By the road the poppies blow—
Poppies? Nay, scarlet though they glow
These are no flowers—the young recruits!
They are the young recruits.
To Krym, to Krym they ride,
The soldiers, side by side—
And over the country wide
Sounds the beat of the horses' stride."

There are also a number of energetic robber songs dating from the end of the eighteenth century, when free Ukrainians took to a life of outlawry in order to escape the oppression here of the Russian and there of the Austrian. They seem to have been outlaws with good points like Robin Hood and his men and the Irish Rapparees, robbing the rich but sparing the poor. That they neither gave nor expected mercy when at their wild work is evident, however, from the Carpathian song, which ends:—

"Tobacco we bring from Hungary's borders
(Fleet horsemen their chase may give o'er),
The Jew merchant clothing shall give at our orders,
Or else he'll be nailed to his door.

Be joyful, my brothers, each day that is ours.
No life such as this can last long.
When snow falls, our heads will hang down like the flowers;
No more shall be heard our glad song.

For Austrian soldiers, when first snow is falling,
In uniforms white will appear. . . .
Kolomea! Thy bells as of old may be calling—
Their chiming we never shall hear."



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We are indebted to Ernest Procter, an old Bootham Boy, for the sketch of Bootham School, from which our illustration has been made.

NOTE.—Bootham School was founded in order to give a good religious and literary Education and careful moral training to the sons of Friends, but the School gladly admits, at the discretion of the Headmaster, other boys who are likely to appreciate and profit by this type of education, whose parents are willing that they should fall in with the ordinary regulations of the School.

Of the tragic poems many express the sorrow of women whose men go off to battle. This is apparently a constantly-repeated theme in the verse of Fedkovitch, the nineteenth-century poet of the Bukovina, who wrote first in German and afterwards in Ruthenian. The translation of "The Handkerchief" gives one the impression of a moving original:—

"The sun was drowning in the ocean's brim
Red, red as blood;
And in the crimson flood
A young girl sewed a handkerchief with gold,
Embroidering in gold with stitches fine—
(Like lilies white
Her cheeks will look to-night,
Like pure, white lilies, washed with tears).

And, as she sewed, she pressed it to her heart
Then, weeping sore,
She opened wide the door;
'Strong wind, my Eagle, take this on your wings! . . ."

The girl then calls on the wind to seek her lover on the battlefield with the handkerchief:—

"He has a bay horse, and his weapons are
Shining as gold,
Wind, free and bold,
Fall to his heart as the rose petals fall
If sleeping, wake him not—and, O, my God!
If slain he lie,
For your good-bye,
O, Golden One, cover his sweet dead face."

The poems in this book, from the folk-songs of marriage down to the sadder and more self-conscious verse of the present day, are interesting less for their artistic qualities than as reflections of the life and passions of a people. Because of these reflections, "Songs of Ukraina" is a vital book.

"Armenian Legends and Poems" is hardly so vital. The poems it contains do not seem so true to life. Perhaps this is the fault of the translation. It reads to us as though the translator were more concerned with writing neat English verse than with communicating the foreign beauty of the original. This is, admittedly, merely a reviewer's impression, which may be due in part to one's surprise at finding so much rose-and-nightingale prettiness in the verse of so broken-hearted a people as the Armenians. One feels in Persia rather than in Armenia as one reads "I beheld my love this morning," with its charming opening:—

"I beheld my love this morning, in the garden paths she strayed.
All brocaded was the ground with prints her golden patiens made;
Like the nightingales, I warbled round my love with wings displayed,
And I wept, my reason faltered, while my heart was sore dismayed.
Grant, O Lord, that all my foemen to such grief may be betrayed!"

There is in poems of this kind a sort of lavishness of the fancy which one expects in the literature of a settled community rather than of a tortured race. And of all tortured races few can have suffered more consistently than the Armenians. They have suffered at the hands of the Persians, the Romans, and the Turks, and during a history of between two and three thousand years they have known only a few centuries of independence. Like Belgium, Armenia has been the cockpit of warring empires, and it seems to us that a race which can sing about nightingales and bluebells amid circumstances so bloody must have an unusual vitality. Few of the poems in "Armenian Legends and Poems" are dyed in the gloomy colors of the national history. They are infinitely more peaceful and pretty and civilized than the Ukrainian songs. They are rich in the happy love of nature, like "The Song of the Partridge":—

"The sun has touched the mountain's crest,
The partridge rises from her nest,
And, down the hillside tripping fast,
Greeted all the flowers as she goes past.

I breakfast on my roof at morn,
When to my ear her voice is borne—
When, awaying from the mountain side,
She chirps her song in all her pride.

Thy nest is dewed with summer showers;
Basil, narcissus, lotus flowers,
Enamel it, and breathe to thee
Perfumes of immortality.

Soft feathers all thy body deck,
Small is thy beak, and long thy neck,
Thy wings are worked with colors rare,
The dove is not so sweet and fair.

The little partridge flies aloft,
Upon the branch, and warbles soft;
He cheers the world, and heals the smart
When seas of blood swell in the heart."

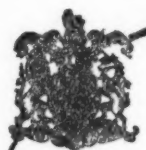
It does not quite correspond to one's idea of a partridge in these islands, but how charming an original it suggests! And how it makes one wish the translator had given us simple little prose versions instead of her accomplished conventional rhymes!

There is a most interesting chapter on the history of Armenian literature by Mr. Aram Raffi at the end of "Armenian Legends and Poems." Mr. Raffi's sketch brings us down from the legendary figures, Ara and Semiramis, to the national movement of the last century. Incidentally, he describes some of the curiosities of medieval literature, like Catholikos Narses's poem, "Jesus, the Son," which consists of 4,000 eight-foot lines, practically all of them ending in the same rhyme. He also quotes a number of Armenian proverbs. An admirable one runs: "They asked the partridge, 'Why are your feet red?' 'From the cold,' he replied. 'We have seen you in the summer as well,' they rejoined." Western readers will learn from him with surprise that John the Baptist—"Sorb Karapat," as he is called—is the patron saint of Armenian minstrels. And it will be news to many of them that Byron once studied Armenian when in Venice, and that he assisted in the publication of an Armenian-English dictionary and grammar. Mr. Raffi's historical sketch makes us hope that other translations of Armenian literature will be given to us, and that they will be given to us in prose. Meanwhile, the present volume can be read with interest, and ought to do something to reveal to the public a charm, and even at times, a cheerfulness, with which the Armenian is insufficiently credited. Miss Boyajian's colored illustrations, though of a conventionalized, decorative quality, add to the attractiveness of the poems as an interpretation of Armenia. In each of these books we find the signature of a defeated, but not of a down-hearted, nation.

A CRITIC OF HENRY JAMES.

"Henry James." By REBECCA WEST. "Writers of the Day" Series. (Nisbet. 1s. net.)

THERE is something pointedly adventurous, ironical, and challenging in Miss Rebecca West being the first critic since the death of Henry James to measure out his allotment on the slopes of Parnassus. Miss West, of the moderns modern; James a traditionalist in the widest and deepest sense, in the sense of regarding humanity arrayed, not in the latest fashion imposed by arbitrary time, but in the meaning of humanity itself, past, present, and, by his extraordinary insight, to come. Miss West, a convert to the phrase of deceptive epigram, now true and now false; James, whose ample and at the same time delicate style is the fit, the only fit instrument of a thought stretching to capture the almost impalpable workings of a human psychology hovering out of the reach of all but the supreme inspiration which can give it artistic shape. But the well-nigh theatrical antagonism between the two types of mind is by no means a signal for any but the prejudiced to condemn Miss West's book out of hand. True, there are obvious flaws which cannot and should not be ignored. The criticism is not well balanced or proportioned. In a work of a hundred or so pages, the author, tipping her more expansive comments into the first part, is compelled to docket a whole file of masterpieces in the second, by a few rather desperate sentences of illustration, summary, or exposition. And it is mere superfluous emphasis to point out that you cannot treat the subtle maturities of the later James in this manner. In the first part, again, she devotes a longish chapter to "The International Situation," which amounts to very little else than a statement that a certain group of novels is a reflection of how James the American became the European. That chapter seems to us like a large cup trying to contain James's ocean. Then, again, Miss West is far too fond of dashing



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off sallies, witticisms, and epigrams, which (as we shall attempt to show later) are not only sometimes irrelevant, but convey no true impression of James's psychological purpose. They are lively and entertaining, but often inappropriate to an intimate scrutiny of James's genius. And she fails to make clear, salient, and coherent three essential and momentous aspects of that genius. But against these errors of omission and commission, she can (by means of an undercurrent of suggestion which belies her occasional recourse to window dressing) put up a fair defence. Though she does not always see what James is driving at, and so does him unconscious injustice, she is never totally and precisely wrong about him. And she has for him a great, pleasantly naive, and entirely genuine reverence, wholly admirable when we consider how different is her manner of thought and expression from his. The fault of her book is crudity and not insincerity. And the one may yield to the medicine of experience, but the other never.

Miss West's method is not generalization, based on the concrete phenomena of Henry James's artistry, but to run through his work, describing and commenting upon it, in more or less chronological order. That being her voyage, we cannot do better than follow in her wake. Her first chapter, "The Sources," relates how extraordinarily sensitive James was to impressions, how he received them as though they were embraces. That is very true, but it tends to lead Miss West off into the wrong alley. Her mesmeric impression of James's absorption of impressions makes her practically silent here and in subsequent chapters, as to a particular manner in which James used his impressions, which is, of course, satirically. One would never imagine from reading Miss West's critique that Henry James had ever heard of satire—Henry James whose profoundly ironical cast of idea and utterance is one-half of his genius. A really gross example of this lack of perception occurs in Miss West's second chapter, where she is dealing with "Daisy Miller." It never occurs to her that "Daisy Miller" is a satirical study of the contrasts between appearance and reality. She cannot see why the young American thinks Daisy disreputable because he finds her at night with the Roman in the Colosseum. Her explanation is "that the American might have been so worked upon by his friends that he could readily believe his Daisy a light woman." And so we are not "dealing with the same James," the James who conceived "the grand courtesy with which Christopher Newman treated Mlle. Noémie Nioche." What strange disorientation is this? The point is that James's attitude to the American is ironical, and what James brings out with masterly skill is the opposition between the superficial vulgarity and fundamental delicacy of Daisy and the superficial delicacy and fundamental vulgarity of the young man. And what does Miss West mean by cutting the artist to his characters' cloth? "We are not dealing with the same Mr. James"—because the hero of one story is a chivalrous idealist and that of another an evil-thinking Pharisee! There are, unfortunately, other examples of this blindness to the significance of the artist's aim and meaning in the earlier portion of the book. We wonder, for instance, what Henry James would have said had he been informed that Mary was the heroine of "Roderick Hudson"—as if there were room for one in a book that contains Christina Light. And then this criticism on "The American":—

"Claire de Cintré, the widowed daughter whom Newman desires to marry, is represented as having above all things beauty of character; but when her family snatches her from him in a frenzy of pride she allows herself to be bundled into a convent, with a weakness that would convict of imbecility any woman of twenty-eight. . . . One wonders where she got this beauty of character."

But does not Miss West perceive the implication that Claire's own knowledge of her family's criminality drives her into the convent? It is a place of expiation on behalf of her family—a family with which she may very well hesitate to ally any decent man. Miss West might as well ask where Antigone or Iphigenia or Cordelia got their characters. The same kind of mistake occurs in her conception of "A London Life":—

"There is nothing more humiliating to women in all fiction than the end of 'A London Life,' where the heroine,

appalled at having been left in an opera box alone with a young man, turns to him and begs him, although she knows well that he does not love her, to marry her and save her good name."

Is Miss West so very confident that the heroine was not asking the young man to save something larger than her good name—to rescue her from the intolerable milieu that threatened to suck her in?

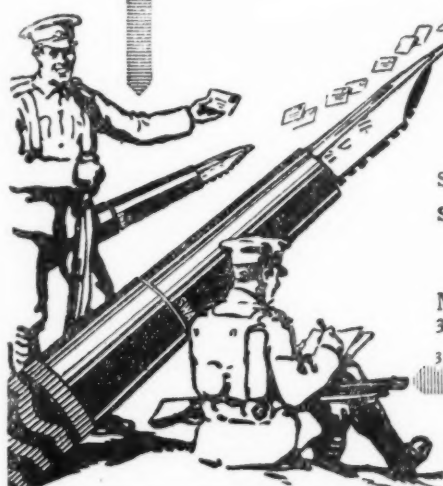
The third chapter is called "Transition." "Washington Square" she calls the "perfect termination to Mr. James's first period of genius." Then: "Until ten years had passed Mr. James was doomed to produce no work which was not to have the solidity of its characters and the beauty of its prose rendered slightly ridiculous by its lack of purpose and unity." The very next book, published in the same year as "Washington Square," was "The Portrait of a Lady," a book conspicuous for those qualities. A page or two further on Miss West begins to discuss James as a critic. In "A Little Tour in France" she comes to an "amazing sentence about the French Revolution, in which it is plainly implied that the rightness and necessity of that declaration of the principle of freedom is still debatable." Indeed, and are they not so? There are some people who will still further amaze Miss West by thinking that the French Revolution enthroned *le petit bourgeois*, and that his foot has been on our necks ever since. "Because he had not been born at the time, he could no more speak well of the French Revolution than he could propose for his club a person whom he had never met." Tremble, ye historians! You were not born at the times of the events you have narrated and criticized! Nor did Henry James, to Miss West's disgust, admire the Roman Empire. Its ruins' vastness "did not impress him as the merging-point of the geological record and history." We fail to see why they should. Had they been the walls of Mycenæ, it had been a different matter. Again, as an example of James's deficiency in "general culture," we have another "amazing sentence" about Gautier. "Even his æsthetic principles are held with a good-humored laxity that allows him, for instance, to say in a hundred places the most delightfully sympathetic and pictorial things about the romantic or Shakespearean drama, and yet to chronicle a pedantically classical revival of 'The Antigone' at Munich with the most ungrudging relish." Miss West exclaims against this. But we can imagine what that revival at Munich was like! These particularities a reviewer anxious to be fair might dismiss as mere flourishes. But they bear closely upon Miss West's half-contemptuous dismissal of James as a critic. Here, indeed, she is totally wrong, and here she misses one of those three essentials of his genius. James was always a fine critic of humanity in his imaginative work, but, as a critic of literature, he was, without any question, of the finest, of the most penetrative, and of the best equipped. "The old author gossiping," if you please, in "Notes on Novelists," a solid and brilliant landmark in the history of criticism!

From James as a critic Miss West passes on to "The Portrait of a Lady." Isabel she finds "far too radiantly good for this world." "Her return to Osmund . . . proves her not the very paragon of ladies, but merely very ladylike." What does this criticism mean? Does Miss West again fail to see that James is treating Isabel ironically, or that Isabel's dreams of being supernaturally noble were, in Henry James's eyes, *not* the things that deserve well, or rather lead to wise and enlightened choice? It is curious to see Miss West imagining that she perceives a discord in Isabel's conduct that has entirely escaped Isabel's creator, she looking hastily and crudely at what had occupied him so profoundly. Doubtless, if Miss West had managed her material better, she would not have gathered into a page and three lines those noble and profound masterpieces of James's, dealing, as no one else ever dealt, with the literary passion ("The Death of the Lion," "The Next Time," and the others). Here is the second of the three essentials. It is of vital importance, because these stories are literally unique. Their intuition into that passion is something—no, not uncanny—but divine. And how could Miss West have dismissed in a cross-reference "What Maisie Knew"—that wonderful study of a child's mind, pure and unspotted amid the grimaces and grotesqueness of corruption? The same casual treatment appears in her estimate of "The Awkward Age":—

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"in which the reader is perpetually confused because Nanda Brookenhams, one of the most charming of Mr. James's 'pure in heart,' is wept over as though she had been violated body and soul, when all that has happened is that she has been brought up in a faster set than the world thinks desirable for a young unmarried girl."

This, when what has happened to her is that the charming young man who is more than half in love with her and with whom she is in love, is involved in a *liaison* with her mother! This is one of the stories which Miss West catalogues under the heading of "twittering over teacups"! A last example shall be of "In a Cage." This is Miss West's sole criticism:—

"He has no subject but the purity of the romantic little telegraphist who sits behind the wire netting at the grocer's. Her heart is like a well of clear water, through which, when the handsome Guardsman comes in to send a telegram to his mistress, love strikes down, like a shaft of light."

It is fantastic. She does *not* fall in love with the Guardsman. She is absorbed in his whole attitude. Her emotions cannot be classified thus—yes, coarsely. They are a study in the finest of shades, the most rarified of impressions, the most delicate evanescence.

Miss West has missed James's ironical purpose, his power as a critic, his analyses of the literary devotion. Nor, we feel, does she fully understand that his employment of a seemingly undue complexity of language is a means of expressing psychological relations more intimate, more imponderable to the average scale, than have ever been expressed before. Our judgment of his style must depend on whether or no he has achieved what he used it for. Henry James was the freshest of latter-day artists, because he made entirely fresh pilgrimages and entirely fresh discoveries of the intricate recesses of the human heart and head. And the third essential which Miss West has failed to notice is his tremendous respect for the human being. That, in itself, makes him godlike, but not Olympian. For assuredly he dwelt among men.

CAKES AND ALE.

"The Wave: An Egyptian Aftermath." By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

"Rose Cottingham Married." By NETTA SYRETT. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

"The Machine." By HUGH F. SPENDER. (Nash. 5s. net.)

"Madame Prince." By W. PITT RIDGE. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

THERE is something rather Malvoliesque about, at any rate, the first three of this quadruple alliance. They are not so much serious as portentous, not so much grave as solemn. Their preoccupied air makes one inclined to jog them, to dig them in the ribs, and to invite them to the immortal repast of our title, which is not at all the sort of way a sober reviewer should approach his batch of sober authors. Let us be glad that they do mean something, and if that purpose absorbs them to the extent that they remind us a little of the chicken (a purely abstract parallel) after a line of chalk has been drawn down his beak and on to the pavement—that is a far, far better thing than having no line at all.

No novelist deserves the appreciation of the public more than Mr. Blackwood. He is the last man to write novels in the air, or because it is the fashion, or because he desires notoriety, or because the pot wants boiling. All his novels reflect an intense conviction extremely difficult but very well worth while to express. Each one is not separate and independent, but part of an interrelated community of ideas strongly housed in the writer's mind. His occasionally tedious and long-winded methods, his stiff characterization and rather maladroit emphasis, are, from this point of view, only the reverse side of a sound and true coin of mental discovery. But we confess that in "The Wave," honest and genuine work as it is, we have to keep a firm hold of Mr. Blackwood's virtues, "lest we forget" them. It is another story of pre-natal memory and destiny operating upon the psychology of two men and a woman—the admirable but dullish Tommy Kelverdon, the material and spiritual Lettice Aylmer, and the sprightly villain of the piece, Tony, Tom's

cousin. From youth upwards, Tom is obsessed with the vision of a wave, overreaching him and threatening to fall. From the wave comes a vague exotic scent, and in it he can discern a pair of deep blue honest eyes and a pair of light-blue treacherous ones. They belong in *materia* to Lettice and Tony. Tom more or less surrenders his personality to the symbolism of the wave, and sees in it not only the indication of his living past, but the direction of his future. Then follows Tom's desperate love for Lettice from his childhood, her tolerant and "motherly" affection for him, and the departure of the three of them for Egypt. There, dominated by her past, and under Tony's malign influence, Lettice changes from a heavyish guardian angel to a pleasure-loving woman of the world. Tony, in fact, awakens her womanhood. How those sexual and impersonally "motherly" elements become united and orientated in Tom's direction, let Mr. Blackwood tell for himself. All this happened centuries ago, and Mr. Blackwood, by telling us all about it in the first chapter, lets the cat out of the bag, to the detriment of our interest. For we are, in consequence, always a little ahead of the story and waiting for the author to catch us up. Obviously, it is an extremely difficult material to work out, and the author has felt the difficulty too patently. Apart from the mystical background, it is hard to prevent ourselves from thinking of Lettice as priggish in the first place and foolish in the second. The fates, we feel, chose her indiscreetly. Tony, too, engages our sympathy, more than he should. And the dialogue is terribly wooden and stagey. We feel, indeed, in reading a rather cumbrous and teased-out novel, that the short story is the author's real instrument.

Rose Cottingham is a young novelist with plenty of money, luxurious inclination, and a large pedigree, who falls in love with and marries, in spite of all shocked resistance, the vigorous young Labor leader, John Dering. And the book is an attempt to work out to what extent the differences in class and upbringing affect their mutual happiness, and how, after numerous shocks, encounters, and compromises, the pair succeed in justifying their hazard. An excellent theme, and it is a pity that Miss Syrett has allowed her prejudices to interfere with its proper evolution. The first years of their marriage are recorded with skill, detachment, and humor. Honest but stupid and uneducated John, for all his adoration of Rose, regards her simply as a house-keeping mechanism, and she very naturally resents it. There is a good deal of truth in this description, and taking a drudge for granted, is, to some extent, the normal attitude of the working man to his wife. But thereafter Miss Syrett alienates our sympathies. Rose (this is what it amounts to) deliberately sets herself to wean John not only from his old boorish habits but from his old loyalties, and to turn him into a nondescript gentleman. She succeeds, and then when his apostasy takes a definite form, throws it in his teeth. When Rose soliloquizes about the working-classes:—"These people were worse than beasts. . . . All they wanted was drink, coarse amusement, gross sexual pleasures"—we somehow feel the author behind the mask of Rose. Her conversion to Socialism was never more than superficial, and here she is (and perhaps Miss Syrett?) speaking as she feels. Then comes the war, which Miss Syrett, in common with other women-novelists far less gifted than her, seems to regard as a medicine for disorder and degeneracy. Rose's son, Dick, enlists, and she and John are permanently reconciled in a common interest and emotion. So it might have been in actual life, but this intrusion of the war which bursts into the last few chapters of so many novels is, as an artistic crutch, hopelessly artificial and ruinous to the organic development of a novel. Either write a war novel or don't.

Mr. Spender makes an even worse hash of introducing the war to his novel than Miss Syrett. The two stories are not dissimilar in (*vide* U.S.A.) "motivation." The young politician, Rupert, if not a Labor man, is a liberal (with a small "l"), until his uncle's wealth and influence metamorphose him into a Liberal. But Mary, his bride, is simply an impersonation of the "idle rich." And "The Machine" is much more directly political. Indeed, Mr. Spender's estimate of the party system is well conveyed in some shrewd, alert, and balanced writing. Rupert has very little personality, but he is tactfully manoeuvred into the design of the political fabric. His prosperous uncle, Sir Thomas

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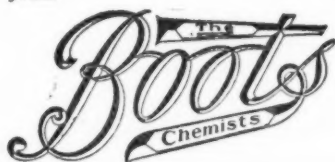
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Edgworth, on the other hand, is very happily sketched. But then Mr. Spender goes and spoils it all by leading us into a wilderness of German spies, titled traitors, kidnapping, and all the rest of it. "The plot thickens," says one of his chapter headings. It does—into a fog. Such a departure into melodrama is the more regrettable because Mr. Spender gives us the impression at the beginning of handling his material like an expert.

"Madame Prince" is a dressmaker, with a son, Richard (who runs away from his insurance office to write a novel), and three daughters—Georgina, Ethel, and Phyllis (a charmingly balanced and confident girl, who marries Sir Ernest Chard—and deserves it). "Madame Prince" is, indeed, not so much a novel as a sequence of detached scenes and episodes, each with room for Mr. Pett Ridge's characteristic types and humors. He is occasionally inclined to be witty in rather a consequential way, but we may forgive that for many draughts of hearty and seasoned refreshment. It takes Mr. Pett Ridge a long time to grow old.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Things I Remember." By SIDNEY WHITMAN. Cassell 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. WHITMAN'S work as a representative of the "New York Herald" has made him familiar with the *coulisses* of diplomacy in Germany, Austria, and the Near East, and the record of his experiences has a special interest at the present moment. He was the friend and biographer of Bismarck, and maintains that it is the reversal of Bismarck's policy that has led Germany into her present position. For this he blames the Kaiser as the chief offender, and quotes Bismarck, in his retirement, as saying that Europe would tolerate "no cock of the walk business," and would resent any individual arrogating to himself "the attribute of being supreme arbiter of war and peace, the latter to depend upon his benevolent intentions periodically vouchsafed to the world as a free gift." Mr. Whitman was in Berlin during the Algeiras Conference, when he became convinced that Germany was drifting into an attitude of irreconcilable antagonism towards this country. He set down this to an irresponsible and mischievous influence, which he describes, combined with the crudeness of German diplomatic methods. "It is the misfortune of our diplomacy," he was assured by one of the ablest of the official wire-pullers, "that we either fall round people's necks or kick them in the stomach." In addition to his German and Austrian experiences, Mr. Whitman was at Warsaw and Moscow during the Revolution, and he has visited Salonika, Constantinople, Bucharest, Venice, and Armenia. He gives, besides, impressions of Sir Charles Dilke, Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, J. A. Froude, Alphonse Daudet, and W. T. Stead. His book is a store of entertaining reminiscences of a busy life.

* * *

"London Revisited." By E. V. LUCAS. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

Most people will know what to expect in a book bearing this title from the pen of Mr. Lucas. It is a companion and supplement to his former volume, "A Wanderer in London," and has the same qualities. Mr. Lucas again shows himself to be entertaining, urbane, instructive, and, if we may coin the word, quotative. From Bishop Sprat and Sir Henry Wotton to Disraeli and Dickens, he takes his quotations from wherever he can find them, while Sidney Smith provides him, not only with a motto, but with no fewer than nine pages of characteristic sayings. But if Mr. Lucas quotes liberally, he makes the quotations his own, and his book could only be written by a connoisseur of London. Churches, museums, old houses, homes of famous men, monuments, cricket, pictures, books, architecture, statues, and memorial tablets—all come within Mr. Lucas's survey, and he gossips about them all with rare knowledge and unflagging zest. A number of illustrations by Mr. H. M. Livens add greatly to the charm of the book.

The Week in the City.

As public finance and income-tax prospects get worse, and the roseate theories of after-war trade become more and more discredited, the Stock Exchange finds it more and more difficult to keep up appearances. In the last few days a rise in the price of rubber has, however, given something of a stimulus to the rubber share market, and there has been continued activity in underground railway shares, which are favored partly on account of the excellence of the service and its increasing popularity, partly because the dividend is paid free of income-tax. Generally speaking, the rapid output of paper securities (chiefly Exchequer Bonds and Treasury Bills, which will have to be funded some day) sufficiently accounts for the sagging tendency. Perhaps the most interesting side of the war financially is our increasing dependence upon the goodwill of American bankers, and their increasing readiness to provide the money for purchases in America. The fact is that the United States has been surfeited with gold which it cannot use to advantage. And the more bankrupt the condition of Europe after the war, the less likely are the gold standards of the European Powers to be restored. The fall in the value of gold, however, has been so prodigious that some recovery would probably follow the outbreak of peace.

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The recent activity in the securities of the Underground Electric Railways Co. of London has stood out in marked relief against the drab background of a depressed Home Railway market. The Income Bonds, with their freedom from income-tax, have always been attractive, but the rise has spread to the £10 Ordinary and to the A shares. The extent of the upward movement is shown in the following table:—

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The demand for the Six per Cent. Income Bonds is not surprising, for even at 91½ the yield works out at over 6½ per cent., free of income-tax. But investors must remember that after meeting its fixed charges, the company has but a small margin. Various reasons for the sudden demand for the stocks are put forward. The London General Omnibus Company is thought to be doing exceptionally well, the crowded state of the company's vehicles possibly helping this belief.

STRAND HOTEL.

The lighting restrictions, the high cost of food and wages, and many other hindrances which have been put forward by London hotel companies to explain a falling-off in profits seem to have little effect on the earnings of the Strand Hotel Co., whose profits ever since its inception in 1909 have steadily gone ahead. The report for the year ended September 30th last shows the gross profits rose from £99,700 to £187,900, but the latter figure includes a year's receipts from the Regent Palace Hotel as against only four months in the previous year. Net receipts amount to £96,200, as against £56,700 a year ago. Interest on the Four-and-a-half per Cent. Regent Palace Hotel Debenture Stock accounts for an increase of £5,300 in Debenture interest, while the depreciation allowance is raised from £7,000 to £16,000. After making these deductions, the net profit stands at £66,500, as compared with £41,300 for the previous twelve months. No allocation is made this time to the reserve fund, which has been credited with £3,000 in each of the past six years, but after paying the dividend on the Seven per Cent. Preference shares, 9 per cent. on the Preferred Ordinary shares, and 4½ per cent. on 5,000 Deferred Ordinary shares, the balance carried forward is increased by £4,300, at £15,900. The Regent Palace Hotel, which is apparently now giving a remunerative return, is, no doubt largely responsible for the excellent results of the past year.

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